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THE GREATEST MOTOR ROAD EVENT IN HISTORY: THE R.A.C. INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY RACE OVER THE ARDS CIRCUIT, IN ULSTER—A GENERAL VIEW AT QUARRY CORNER.

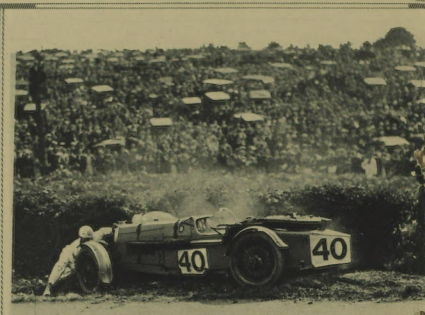
The seventh International Tourist Trophy Race organised by the Royal Automobile Club, run on Saturday, August 17, over the Ards Circuit, in Ulster, has been described as "admittedly the greatest motor road race in history." Six nations were represented—Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and the United States—and the number of starters, sixty-five, exceeded that of any previous event. Never before have so many drivers of the first rank competed, and, despite heavy rain at intervals, a "record" crowd of about half a million

spectators watched the course with sustained enthusiasm. The result proved to be a victory for Germany and the first official German racing team to visit the British Isles since the beginning of the war. The winner (of whom we give a portrait on page 324) was R. Carraciola, driving a Mercedes-Benz. Second place fell to an Italian, C. Campari, in an Alfa Romeo, and the third and fourth to two Baby Austins (driven by A. Frazer Nash and S. V. Holbrook)—a triumph for these small British cars. At Quarry Corner exciting incidents occurred.

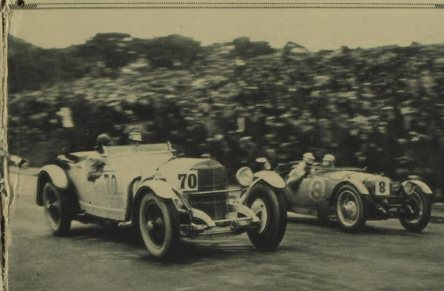
THRILLS OF THE GREAT ROAD RACE: THE START, CRASHES, THE WINNING CAR, AND THE NEXT THREE.



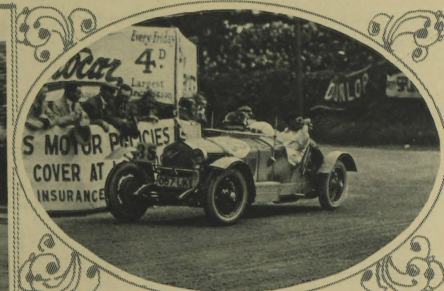
ROUNDING THE DUNDONALD "HAIRPIN" BEND: (L. TO R.) R. WATKEY (STUTZ), FOLLOWED BY COUNT CONELLI (BUGATTI), M. MARIONI (ALFA-ROMEO), AND W. WILLIAMS (BUGATTI).



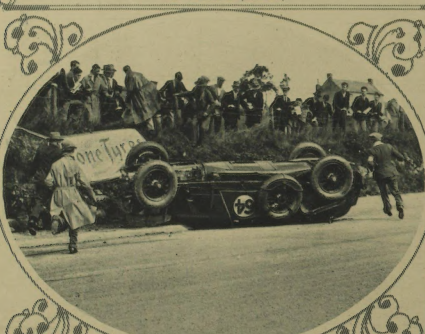
A MISHAP AT QUARRY CORNER, WHERE SEVERAL EXCITING INCIDENTS OCCURRED: S. BEZZANT'S ASTON MARTIN IN THE DITCH.



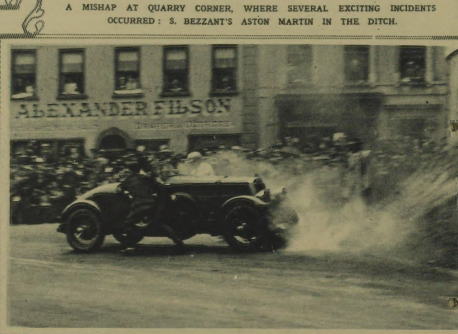
THIS YEAR'S WINNER NEARING THE FINISH: R. CARRACIOLA, A GERMAN COMPETITOR, IN HIS MERCEDES-BENZ (ON THE LEFT) DURING THE LAST LAP.



THE ITALIAN COMPETITOR WHO CAME IN SECOND: CAV. CAMPARI IN HIS ALFA-ROMEO ROUNDING THE DUNDONALD "HAIRPIN" BEND.



A WONDERFUL ESCAPE: S. RUBIN'S BENTLEY OVERTURNED AFTER A SKID AT GLEN HILL CORNER, WITH DRIVER AND MECHANIC (BOTH EXTRICATED UNHURT), PINNED UNDERNEATH.



A COLLISION WITH NEWTOWNARDS TOWN HALL: D. HIGGINS'S LEA-FRANCIS BEING PULLED OUT, AFTER HITTING THE WALL AT A CORNER.



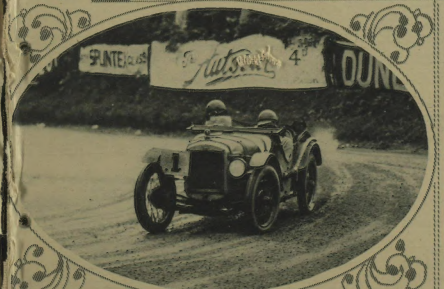
ANOTHER MISHAP AT QUARRY CORNER: WILKINSON'S O.M. CAR RUNNING BACKWARDS INTO THE BANK AFTER A SKID.



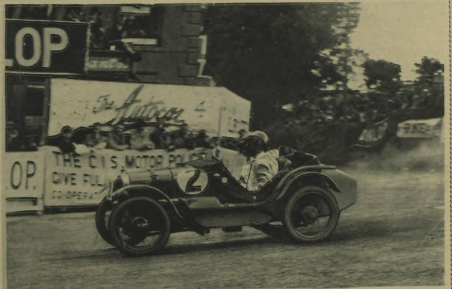
LAST YEAR'S WINNER SMILING AMID A CROWD OF AUTOGRAPH-HUNTERS: KAYE DON (CENTRE) IN HIS LEA-FRANCIS.



THE PICTURESCUE SCENE AT THE START, WITH A RECORD ENTRY OF SIXTY-FIVE. THE CAR TEAMS (DRIVERS AND MECHANICS) RUSHING ACROSS THE ROAD TO THEIR CARS (ALL WITH HOODS UP) AS THE FLAG FELL.



THE BABY AUSTIN THAT FINISHED THIRD AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 59.60 M.P.H.: A. FRAZER NASH TAKING A CORNER.



THE BABY AUSTIN THAT FINISHED FOURTH: S. V. HOLBROOK (WHO DID ONE LAP AT 63.62 M.P.H.) AT THE DUNDONALD "HAIRPIN."

We illustrate here some of the most interesting incidents and competitors in the great International Tourist Trophy Race run on August 17 over the Ards Circuit (410 miles in 30 laps), near Belfast. As noted on our front page, it was won by a German, R. Carraciola, in a Mercedes-Benz, at an average speed of 72.82 m.p.h., while second place was taken by an Italian, Cav. Campari, in an Alfa-Romeo, at 67.54 m.p.h., and the third and fourth places fell to Baby Austins, driven by A. Frazer Nash and S. V. Holbrook. In one lap Holbrook reached a speed of 63.62 m.p.h.—a remarkable performance for a car of that size. It was only at the end of the twenty-sixth lap that the two Austins lost the lead to the Alfa-Romeo, followed shortly by the Mercedes-Benz. At the start, the cars were all drawn up at one side of the road, with their hoods up, while the drivers and mechanics assembled on the opposite side. At

the fall of the flag, the car teams ran across, lowered the hoods, and started. Despite the congestion due to the record entry of sixty-five cars getting away together on a 30-ft. road, there was no mishap during the first lap. As the race progressed, there were a number of accidents, and unfortunately one had a fatal result. An O.M. car, driven by F. Clark, ran into a hedge, and while he and a breakdown gang were at work, another car skidded and crashed into them. Mr. Clark died later, and four others were injured. Near Quarry Corner, the driver (B. Rubin), and mechanic of a Bentley car had a wonderful escape. The car overturned and they were pinned beneath until spectators pulled them out—unhurt. Another Bentley left the road near Quarry Corner at over 90 m.p.h. and the car was demolished, but the occupants were not injured. Kaye Don, who won the race last year, had to retire owing to engine trouble.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

OF course, the true tragedy of a public man is that he has to keep his thoughts private. I mean a public man and not a publicity man; I mean a ruling and responsible man, with some dignity to maintain. Nor do I mean what is called a publicist, which seems to mean a quite irresponsible man, who is ready to write at large on any public affairs. I suppose even I might be called a publicist: a sort of variation on a publican and a sinner. Anyhow, I shall never be called a responsible and ruling person. So that the paradox I deal with does not in any case recoil upon me. But it is a paradox; and especially in what are supposed to be popular rulers elected by popular institutions. There is the ladder of ambition and the platform of public life; there is the tribune to which the orator would mount, the rostrum from which the public man would declaim, the political pulpit into which the political preacher will at last laboriously climb to preach. And when he has gained the power of speech he is struck dumb. The moment he appears in his pulpit, his first gesture is to put his finger to his lips. He never realised before what a vast number of things he must not talk about, until the huge crowd was hushed to hear him talk. It is often noted, as an antiquarian joke, that the Speaker is so called because he must not speak. It is becoming almost as true of the Prime Minister as of the Speaker. It is becoming true of almost every leading political figure that the things he says are much less important than the things he refrains from saying.

Of all such leading figures, there is none that is now in a more delicate position than the President of the United States. Sometimes, when President Coolidge opened his mouth after a long interval, and then closed it for a longer interval, the journalists used to discuss the utterance as if it were the last pagan oracle which might hereafter for ever hold its peace. They used to argue in a learned and laborious way about what Mr. Coolidge had meant, as if he had been a Hebrew prophet who died thousands of years ago. They applied the Higher Criticism to Coolidge, as if to Corinthians or Colossians, and broke up into sects about the meaning of the sacred text. Somehow, it never seemed to occur to them that Mr. Coolidge was still alive, and might be induced to mention what he meant. I remember reading the most subtle debates when that excellent man made the celebrated remark, "I do not choose to stand again for the Presidency." To my simple mind this seemed to mean that he did not want to be re-elected President, and there did not seem anything particularly incomprehensible, or particularly incredible, about the statement. But there were quite elaborate electioneering discussions about what this dark saying might really mean, and whether it was a sombre cloak thrown over Mr. Coolidge's crafty and vigilant ambition. It seemed to be assumed, by some, that saying he would not be President might be a Presidential way of saying that he would be President. So firmly established is the modern assumption of mystification or misleading reticence on the part of public men. As a matter of fact, the ex-President afterwards smote the world with a thunderclap of drama by doing exactly what he said he would do. But gossip and hair-splitting of this kind seems always to go on in connection with the intentions of the American President, even more than in the case of any other constitutional statesman in our time. If it revolved round President Coolidge, it revolves even more round President Hoover; and that for a very good reason indeed. A mystery was made about Mr. Coolidge, because some people refused to believe that he meant what

he said. But the mystery has in some sense been made by Mr. Hoover, because, if he means what he says, he will have to go on to a clearer exposition and really say what he means.

He has left the great Prohibition Problem where so practical a man cannot possibly leave it. He has really said in so many words that the obvious and outstanding effects of Prohibition are what the poet said of the children of the wicked wife, "The children born of thee are fire and sword; red ruin and the breaking up of laws." But he has so worded the confession that it is still possible for Prohibitionists to take it merely as a denunciation of disorder, and for Anti-Prohibitionists to take it as a denunciation of the cause of disorder. He practically announces

merely to harness yet heavier machinery of Federal force and coercion and reach uniformity through a sort of reign of terror; it is possible; though, short of detailing a detective to walk about behind every citizen, there seems to be very little more that the Federal Government could do. When laws are passed forbidding a citizen to do something, like lighting a cigarette or eating a chocolate cream, bureaucracy must in its nature arrive at bankruptcy. Swindling or stabbing can be stopped, because the neighbours, who are not officials, will help the official pursuit. But if the official is the only person pursuing or condemning the criminal, we can never distribute the force on the principle of one criminal, one official. There never were and never will be, fortunately, enough officials to go round. If we are dealing with

something that thousands of people think quite ordinary, like drinking tea or smoking tobacco, you cannot send out thousands of detectives to watch each individual day and night. You can only send a detective to detect a man in doing what normal people do not do, and what normal people will help to prevent anybody from doing. That is the snag in all strengthening of the State powers to enforce any law like Prohibition. Still, as I say, it is possible that Mr. Hoover, in his memorable and rather mysterious words, did mean merely that he was going to put an end to the lawlessness by enforcing the law. It is possible that he has some practical scheme for doing so, such as putting a policeman in every parlour, or making all the citizens take their meals and drinks in the open air, to be watched by bureaucrats in skyscrapers or aeroplanes. But it seems to me much more consistent with the President's practical genius and intelligence to suppose that he meant the exact opposite. It is more complimentary to him to infer that he did definitely intend his reference to Prohibition to prepare the world for the modification, if not the repudiation, of it. In that case the political situation is really very interesting, not to say amusing. It would mean that, very much as the Disraeli Ministry surprised everybody by dishing the Whigs, the Dry President would do it by dishing the Wets.

When that sort of *coup* is effected, a benevolent mind will dwell with special amusement on the probable thoughts of two sets of people: the Whigs who are annoyed at being made to look like Tories, and the Tories who are annoyed at being made to act like Whigs. The case will be much stronger in the more fierce and fundamental American quarrel; and imagination will fondly dwell on the Wets who denounced the President for going Dry and envy him his opportunity of going Wet, and the Drys who will watch him going Wet after triumphantly electing him for going Dry. I do not profess to know the probabilities in the matter, or how far it is possible for the President to act against Prohibition, even if he did quite definitely speak against Prohibition. But, anyhow, his speech was quite sufficiently like

a speech against Prohibition to raise a respectful smile in a remote observer who remembers the language of the election. And after such a speech from the Republican leader, there is at least one direction in which our thoughts not unnaturally stray. They will probably float back to the subject of Mr. Al Smith, who, after a lifetime of admittedly admirable public service, and being for all who knew him a perfectly decent and right-thinking Christian man, was howled at across a whole continent as if he were a drunken and blasphemous blackguard and boozier, merely for saying about Prohibition pretty much what the Prohibitionist President has said himself.

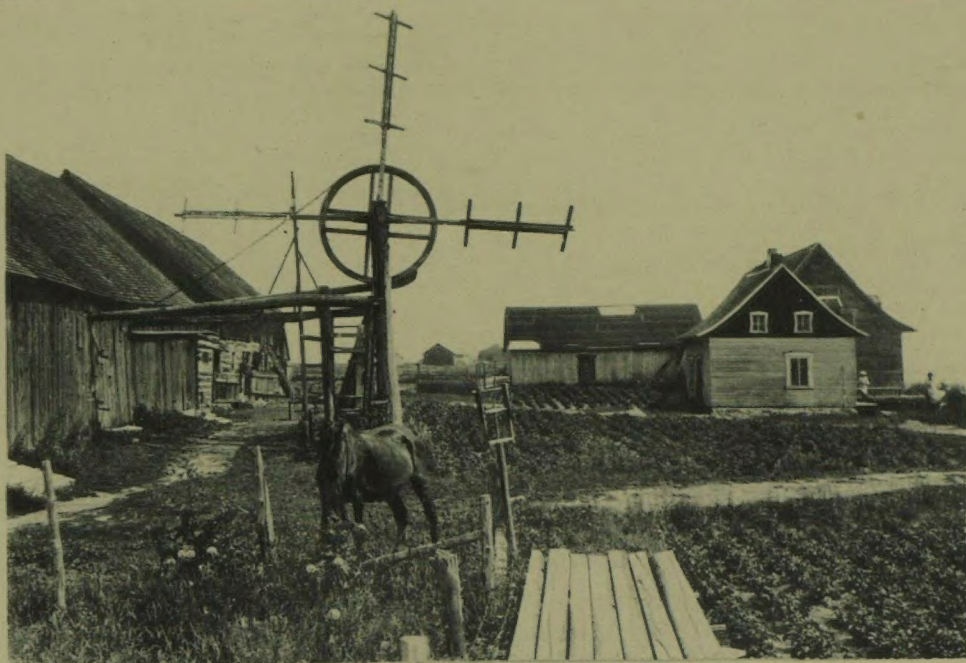


THE GERMAN WINNER OF THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY RACE IN ULSTER: R. CARRACIOLA (GARLANDED) WITH THE MANAGER OF THE MERCEDES-BENZ TEAM (HOLDING THE TROPHY).

Driving a supercharged 7,100-cc. Mercedes-Benz, Herr R. Carraciola won the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race, on August 17, at an average speed of 72.82 m.p.h., covering the thirty laps (410 miles) of the Ards Circuit, near Belfast, in 5 hrs. 37 min. 40 secs. He did the second lap at a speed of over 77 m.p.h.—a record for the course. His cornering was exceptionally brilliant, being faster and steadier than that of any other driver. His success was aided by the excellent organisation at the re-fuelling pit of the German team, which, as previously mentioned on our front page, was the first to visit the British Isles officially since the outbreak of the Great War. In our photograph Herr Carraciola is seen wearing a garland with which he was invested, after the race, by the Duke of Abercorn, Governor-General of Northern Ireland.

that the whole nation is in a state of rebellion; but leaves it to be inferred whether this means that the rebellion must be crushed or that the tyranny must be reformed. He was candid to the point of ferocity about the actual condition of chaos that had been produced. And he implied about as plainly as he could, that the popular lawlessness was produced by the unpopular law. But he did not say in so many words that the unpopular law was an unjust law. He merely suggested, very sensibly, that its actual consequences at present were intolerable consequences, and must be reduced to reason and order in one direction or the other. It is possible that he did mean

WHERE THE CLOCK HAS STOPPED 300 YEARS: SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY NORMANDY SURVIVING ON AN ISLAND OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.



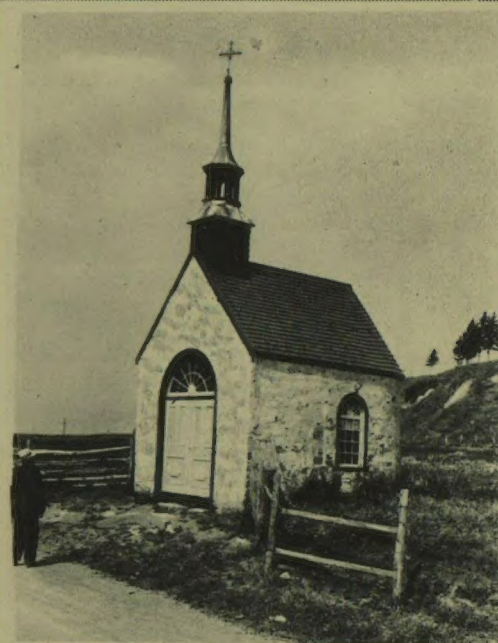
AN OLD-TIME NORMANDY THRESHING-MACHINE, ON THE WINDMILL PRINCIPLE, STILL USED ON THE ISLAND: VANES (COVERED WITH CANVAS WHEN WORKING) THAT TURN THE WHEEL, ROUND WHICH IS A BELT THAT PASSES WITHIN THE BARN TO DRIVE MACHINERY OF THE SAME PERIOD.



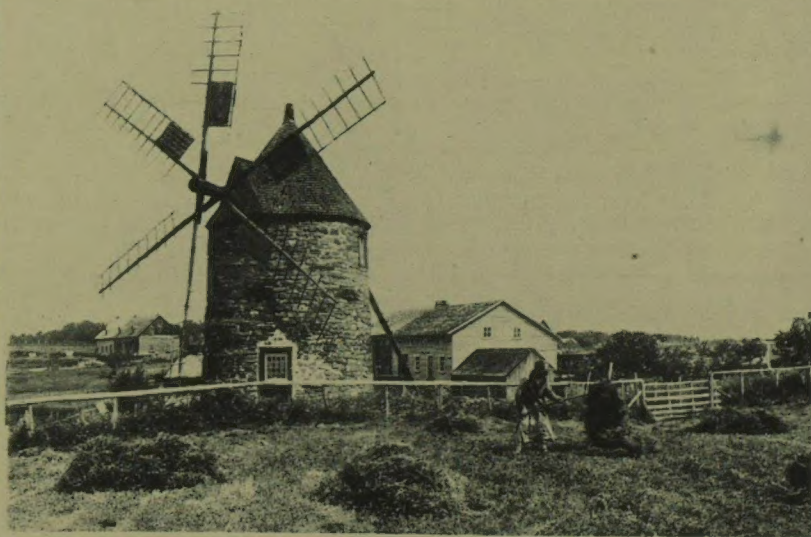
POSSESSOR OF A COMPARATIVELY MODERN REAPER: A FARMER UNUSUALLY UP TO DATE, WHOSE DOMAIN, HOWEVER, REMAINS JUST AS IT WAS WHEN BUILT 300 YEARS AGO.



SHIP-BUILDING ON THE ILE AUX COUDRES TO-DAY: A WOODEN VESSEL OF SIMILAR TYPE TO THAT WHICH BROUGHT JACQUES CARTIER FROM OLD FRANCE TO NEW FRANCE IN 1535.



AS IN OLD NORMANDY: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY WAYSIDE SHRINE BY THE ROAD THAT ENCIRCLES THE ISLAND.



STILL USED FOR GRINDING GRAIN: A WINDMILL OVER 300 YEARS OLD—THE AMOUNT OF CANVAS, OR THIN BOARDS, ATTACHED TO THE VANES VARYING WITH THE WIND'S VELOCITY.



THE SPINNING-WHEEL STILL IN USE IN THE ILE AUX COUDRES: AN ISLAND HOUSEWIFE ENGAGED ON ONE OF HER DAILY TASKS—SPINNING WOOL INTO YARN FOR THE LOOM WORKERS.

An extraordinary instance of the survival of old-world customs is illustrated in these photographs, sent to us by a Montreal correspondent. "On September 6, 1535," he writes, "Jacques Cartier, when on his voyage from St. Malo to discover the land which he named New France, landed on a small island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence to which he gave the name Ile aux Coudres. In August 1929, I hired a small gasoline fishing-boat and proceeded to the same island. I was immediately transported to a land of the seventeenth century and, for a day, lived in a little Normandy of 300 years ago. The island is only 18 miles in circumference, and is unique in the history of America. The inhabitants are

still living in houses built over three centuries ago and unchanged in appearance. They cultivate the soil, raise poultry and cattle, and build wooden vessels, as did their ancestor pioneers of the seventeenth century, satisfied and happy, with very few changes toward modernity. They are not poor. Certainly they are not to be pitied. They live well on the fruits of the soil and fish from the sea. To a great extent, their clothing is made from cloth woven on seventeenth-century looms from yarn spun on seventeenth-century spinning-wheels. They are content, and love their old traditions, some families boasting a 300-year-old line of unbroken descent in the ownership of their farms."

MARINE WONDERS OFF "THE REMOTE BERMUDAS": SCIENCE

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. WILLIAM BEEBE, LEADER OF THE BERMUDA

"OCCUPIES" A TROPIC ISLE AND TAKES QUEER PRISONERS.

OCEANOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION, AUTHOR OF "GALAPAGOS, WORLD'S END," ETC.



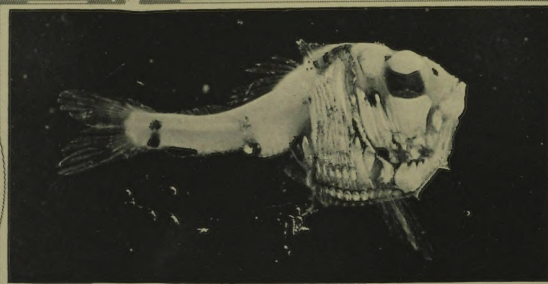
GREAT EXPECTATIONS! EXAMINING A DAY'S CATCH OFF NONSUCH ISLAND—(L. TO R.) MRS. AND DR. CHARLES FISH, DR. WILLIAM BEEBE, MR. JOHN TEE-VAN, AND MISS GLORIA HOLLISTER, MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION.



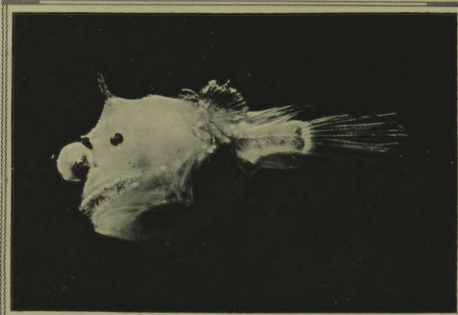
SEA LETTUCES! PECULIAR MARINE GROWTHS OF ALGAE, SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING KELP—AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OBTAINED DURING THE BERMUDA OCEANOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION.



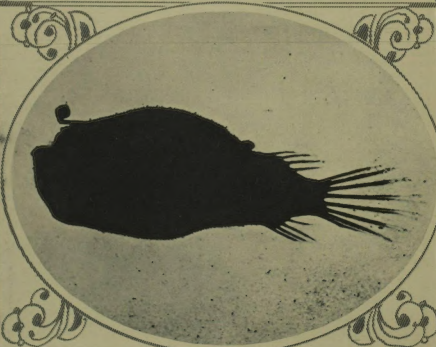
A FOUNDLING OF THE AIR: A NESTLING TROPICAL BIRD LYING ON DR. BEEBE'S HAND.



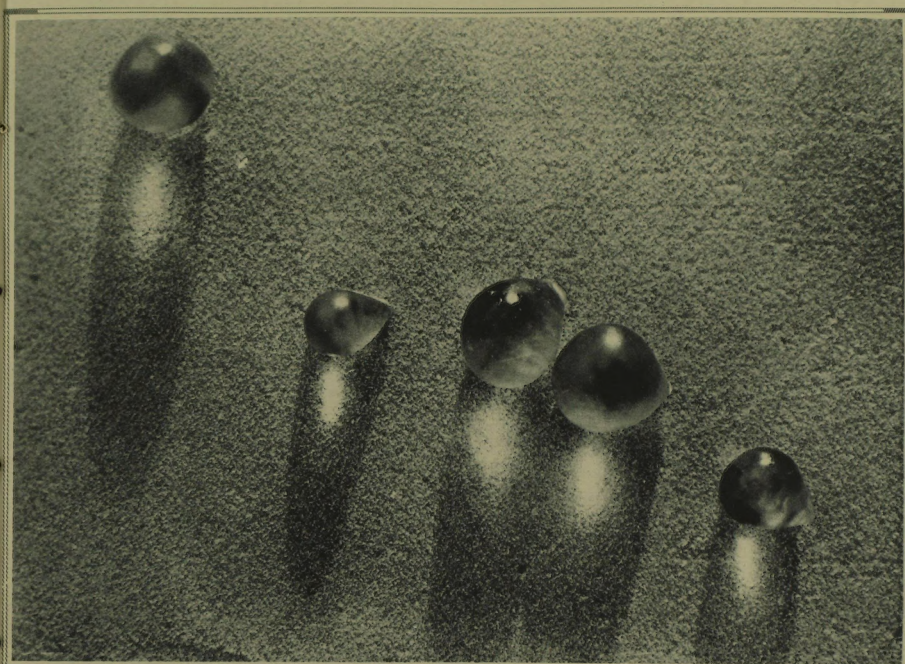
A QUEER FISH OF TROPIC SEAS: A YOUNG ARCHIPELAGIC, OR SILVER HATCHET FISH, WHOSE BATTERIES OF VIOLET LIGHTS POINT DOWNWARD, WHILE ITS EYES LOOK FOREVER UPWARD.



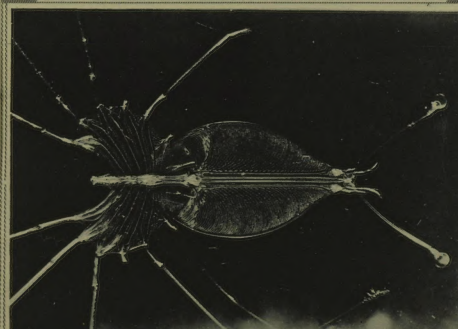
A STRANGE DENIZEN OF THE DEPTHS A MILE BELOW THE SURFACE: AN ILLUMINATED, WHITE, SOFT FISH OF BIZARRE APPEARANCE.



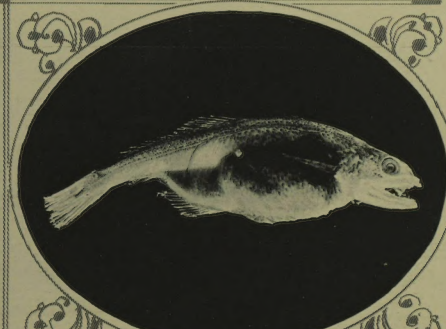
A DEEP-SEA TORCH-BEARER: A JET-BLACK WHALELET FROM 800 FATHOMS, WITH A BRILLIANTLY LUMINESCENT TENTACLE ON ITS FOREHEAD.



LIVING "EMERALDS" CAST UP BY THE SEA ON THE SHORE OF A TROPIC ISLET IN THE BERMUDAS: TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF VOLVOX, A KIND OF SEAWEED FORMING THE LARGEST LIVING CELL KNOWN IN THE NATURAL WORLD, EACH COMPLETE WITHIN ITSELF.



"SEEING THROUGH" THE INCIPENT LOBSTER: A TRANSPARENT LARVA OF THE GIANT BERMUDA LOBSTER AS PICTURED BY THE CAMERA.



DISTENDED BY A FISH AS LARGE AS ITSELF INSIDE ITS STOMACH: A DEEP-SEA "GOURMAND" AFTER A FULL MEAL.

Dr. William Beebe, the well-known marine biologist and writer, who has done such remarkable work of late years in scientific exploration, is now engaged on a new field of research, as leader of the Bermuda Oceanographic Expedition, under the auspices of the New York Geological Society. He and his staff of scientists, which comprises six men and four women (including Mrs. Beebe), have established their base of operations on Nonsuch Island—described as "a speck of land" off Hamilton, Bermuda. Their season's work will end in October. They have been studying ocean phenomena and deep-sea life, and invading, with net and camera the private haunts of many weird and wonderful aquatic creatures, some of them dwelling far down in the dark abysses of the ocean.

The photographs reproduced above illustrate some of the most remarkable results already obtained, rivalling in interest those of Dr. Beebe's previous explorations, which he has in former years described and illustrated in our pages. Our issue of June 16, 1928, for example, contained an account of his work as Director of the Haitian Expedition of the New York Zoological Society during the previous year. In 1895, it may be recalled, we gave several illustrated articles recording his voyage in the "Albatross," when he explored the Sargasso Sea, the Galapagos Islands, and the Humboldt Current. During his present expedition, he informs us, the British Authorities in Bermuda have given him much help, and he wishes to acknowledge their kindness and hospitality.

A HISTORIC MONTH: AUGUST 1914.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

WE are at the fifteenth anniversary of an event that changed the history of the world: the recantation of 1914. We have forgotten it rather too quickly, among the preoccupations which have obsessed us during the last ten years; and even the name I have given to this event will appear strange to many of my readers. That is another reason for not allowing the anniversary to pass, without reviving a memory which ought to shine forth from all our hearts, like a lighthouse illuminating the darkness in which we are walking.

No one who had attained to years of discretion has forgotten the revelation of the month of August 1914, during which the world thought that it was assisting at a new assault of the giants on Olympus. During the first part of July 1914 we were still living in a world whose controlling divinities were called Peace, Justice, Law, Prosperity, Order, Liberty, and Civilisation. Two weeks later those gentle divinities were fleeing to the four corners of the earth, before the most terrible explosion of force which humanity had ever witnessed. All Europe was under arms, all the treaties were destroyed, Belgium and France were invaded, a German army of two million men was marching on Paris, an old civilisation was in danger of being destroyed in the course of a few short weeks by a formidable surprise attack; and the world, which thought that it must be dreaming, saw all these unlikely events succeeding each other between the 1st and 31st of August, 1914. And then came an extraordinary happening that was to change the history of the world: the sudden awakening of the world's conscience, the astounding universal recantation which transformed the general admiration of Imperial Germany into hatred.

Between 1900 and 1914, Bismarck and the Hohenzollerns seemed to have completely triumphed in public opinion. The audacity with which, by means of three successful wars, they had consolidated the power of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and of the well-to-do classes in the heart of Europe was considered the *chef d'œuvre* of the nineteenth century. All States had followed their example, and, accepting the idea of a strong army as the most solid pillar of civilisation, were endeavouring to develop their military strength to the utmost extent. They seemed to have found the best solution of all the contradictions by which the nineteenth century was torn—liberty and authority, democracy and monarchy, agriculture and industrialism, conservatism and revolution. They even attributed to them the merit of many admirable things which the peoples had learnt to do, in industry, science, teaching, and administration, things that served as a model for the whole world. Germany succeeded so well in everything that she attempted, because she had a Government which knew how to guide her.

That admiration had even crossed the ocean. During my journey to the United States in 1909, nothing struck me more than that universal worship of Germany, of her order, her power, her efficiency, and, above all, of the oligarchy which governed her. In the great democratic republic, no European personage was more respected and admired than the German Emperor. Fifteen years ago, when the world saw that much-admired nation fling her monstrous phalanxes on Belgium and France, that admiration was transformed into hatred. The world remained deaf to all the defences put up by the faithful defenders of Germanism and the German propaganda. The army, the great monarchical and bureaucratic power, the discipline of the masses, the spirit of organisation, industry and its methods, even science and culture—in short, everything which up till then had been admired as the glory of Germany, became a danger to civilisation in the opinion of the world.

Everte quod adorasti: Adora quod eversisti. Imperial Germany had prepared war with great foresight; but she had not foreseen, she could not foresee, the sudden formidable awakening of the world's conscience. And yet

it was that universal recantation which decided the fate of the war. The war was lost for Germany from the month of August 1914, when the conscience of the world declared against her. In the World War we saw that each German victory increased her enemies; and each mistake made, and each check received by her adversaries, gave them a new ally. It is a unique case, an almost miraculous novelty, the mystic mystery of the World War. For four years Germany struggled with superhuman energy against this paradoxical inversion of chances, which perverted the

movements of the collective soul, that recantation was violent, unswerving, and excessive because it was too simple. It laid the whole blame on Imperial Germany of 1914 for all that horrified it in the Germanic world. In this recantation Germany became a kind of monster, isolated in the centre of Europe, which had arisen, no one knew from whence, to devour all the weaker or too confident countries by which it was surrounded.

But neither in her qualities nor in her defects was Germany an isolated monster. She had not created in the solitude of exclusive originality what the world had formerly admired and after 1914 detested; she had for a long time studied and imitated what was going on in the other European countries, especially in France and in England though it is possible she sometimes ended by surpassing her teachers. The passions and ambitions by which Germany was animated in 1914 were shared by influential groups in all European countries, even if elsewhere they were weaker, more timid and more prudent than in Germany. It was not only in Germany that there existed Courts jealous of their power, hostile to the parliamentary régime; General Staffs anxious to increase the prestige of the army by successful wars; political groups who maintained themselves in power, or tried to seize it, by exciting nationalistic and imperialistic passions; and directing classes which saw in war alone the only efficacious antidote against the democratic movement of the middle and popular classes; and intellectuals ready to place their pens at the service of power, doctrinaires and interested persons who combined to reduce the whole life of the nation to the condition of a State department.

Germany, before the war, became a model for Europe and America because powerful and influential groups in all countries would have liked to do what the dominant oligarchy were doing with so much success in Germany. With rare exceptions, those groups did not resist in 1914 the awakening of the world's soul which disowned Imperial Germany. The awakening was too violent and sudden, and too many interests coalesced at once to maintain it, while the war lasted. But those groups and the social forces which they represented have not disappeared. They were paralysed for four years during the war, but they began to become active again almost before the war was over, under different, more or less obvious, forms.

There is nothing surprising in the return to the attack of these social forces which are everywhere powerful. We might have expected it, even if it were difficult to foresee the pitch of exaggeration which they reached in certain countries. There are sometimes in history violent concussions and sudden ruptures, but total destructions work slowly. Only time can undo what time has done. But, if it be not surprising, the fact remains that the return to active measures of these social forces has created an invisible and hidden contradiction, which has troubled the whole of European life during the last ten years. It is the struggle between the inevitable developments of the recantation of 1914 and the attempts which Imperial Germany makes to live again, not so much in Germany itself as in the countries which fought so hard to overthrow her, and, in general, in all Europe and America.

The League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, the conferences on disarmament, M. Briand's project for the United States of Europe, the policy of conciliation and of peace, the multiplication of republics, the accession to power of new parties by the free play of universal suffrage, and the democratisation of the State, are all part of the recantation of 1914. The aspirations and methods of Imperial Germany, which were at once her strength and her ruin, endeavour to live once more in the multiplicity of *coups d'état* and dictatorships, in the competition of armaments which is beginning again, in the monarchies which are returning to absolutism, in the awakenings and uprisings of the Imperialistic spirit in the struggle against representative régimes and liberal institutions, and in all the policies which endeavour to instil hatred among the peoples. Two Europes struggle against each other in the heart of each nation. Which will be the stronger? [Continued on page 360.]



MIDWIVES OF TOKYO LEAVING THE MEIJI SHRINE AFTER PRAYING FOR THE BIRTH OF A SON TO THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN: A STUDY IN SUN-SHADES.

An interesting event is expected in the Imperial family of Japan during September. The Emperor and Empress have at present two daughters, but, as the Salic law is in force, only a male child can inherit the Imperial title. Hence the people are praying for the birth of a son. Our photograph shows a party of midwives who have just been offering up such a prayer at the Meiji Shrine in Tokyo.



A MASK-LIKE MARBLE BUST OF MUSSOLINI: A POWERFUL WORK BY THE WELL-KNOWN SCULPTOR, ADOLFO WILDT, OF MILAN.

This remarkable portrait-bust of Signor Mussolini, with its mask-like effect produced by the hollow eyes, shows him in the style of a Roman Emperor. It is to be placed in the Hall of Milan University.

whole game of war. The revolt of the world's conscience explains this enigmatic surprise. The impression which these battles might have produced in any other war were feeble and fleeting in this one, compared with the terror and horror which the force of Germany and its unexpected display had aroused.

It is the first time that such an intangible and powerful force has revealed itself in history. It was everywhere and nowhere, and nothing could resist it. But it not only decided the issue of the war, it continues to act invisibly in peace time. It is the deep-seated cause of many of the actual difficulties which seem inexplicable. Like all

A NEW LIFE-BOAT FOR AIRCRAFT:

AN ADVENTUROUS TEST VOYAGE IN AN UNSINKABLE "KAYAK" THAT WAS DAMAGED BY A WHALE.



WHEN PADDLED (AS SHOWN HERE) THE BOAT GOES AT ABOUT 6 KILOMETRES (NEARLY 4 MILES) AN HOUR: MR. KAI PLESS-SCHMIDT IN HIS "KAYAK."



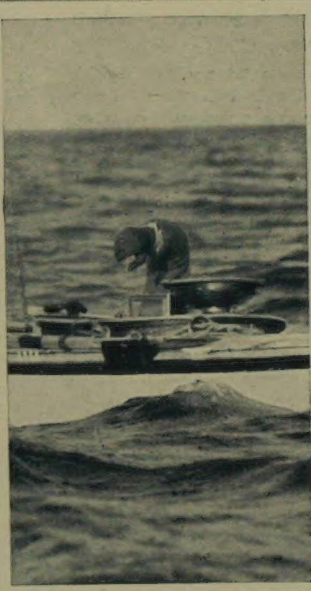
UNDER SAIL AND WITH THE MOTOR RUNNING, THE CRAFT ATTAINS A SPEED OF 18 KILOMETRES (OVER 11 MILES) AN HOUR. A PORT-SIDE VIEW OF THE KAYAK.



IN THE LITTLE CRAFT THAT WAS DAMAGED BY A WHALE DURING A VOYAGE BETWEEN THE FAROES AND NORWAY, AND WAS AT SEA NINE DAYS. MR. PLESS-SCHMIDT ABOARD HIS KAYAK.



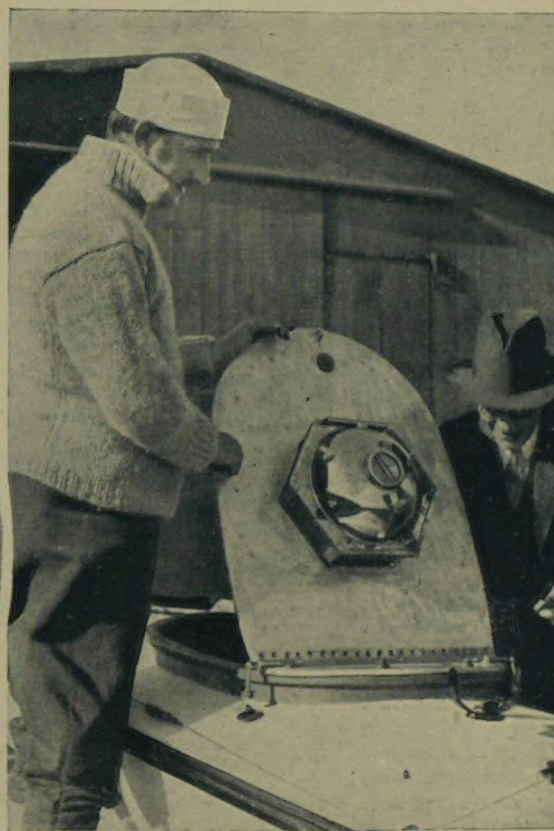
THE LIGHTEST OUTBOARD MOTOR IN THE WORLD. ITS POSITION.



THE CLOSING OF THE TURRET ON RETIRING INSIDE THE BOAT.



NOW HERMETICALLY CLOSED AND AIRTIGHT: THE TURRET SHUT.



MR. KAI PLESS-SCHMIDT (ON LEFT) MAKING HIS FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE RECENT TEST VOYAGE.

In the canoe here illustrated, built by himself on the lines of an Eskimo kayak, Mr. Kai Pless-Schmidt recently attempted to cross from the Faroe Islands to Bergen, Norway, to test its sea-going capacity. Despite bad weather, he remained at sea nine days. Near the Norwegian coast an eight-ton whale broke the rudder, compass, and outboard-motor, and for three days and nights he drifted helplessly in heavy seas until rescued by a fishing-boat. His object was to prove that this "kayak" is the ideal life-boat for aircraft, as in it the airmen, in the event of a crash at sea, could reach the nearest route of ocean-going steamers. It carries three people, and inside there is room for folding rubber

boats which it could tow, and thus thirty-two people could be accommodated in an emergency. "My new boat," writes the inventor, "is an improvement on the type I used on my voyage from Copenhagen to Bergen in 1925, and in 1926 from Copenhagen to Constantinople. It has two outboard motors of light metal. The boat is unsinkable, and in a storm it can be closed airtight. Let into the deck is a hexagonal look-out turret that affords a view in all directions when the boat is closed. It can be steered from inside. In heavy seas, I lie down full length in the boat and shut the 'cupola.' Next year, I intend to cross the Atlantic alone in a still smaller boat."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE GAR-PIKE—THE FISH WITH GREEN BONES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ONE of my friends has found for himself a relatively quiet retreat by the sea—we can none of us hope to do more than this nowadays—and he has given himself up to an orgy of fishing in which, like old Isaac Walton, he finds supreme contentment. The other day he sent up to me a fine specimen of the

When no more than half-an-inch long, the jaws are quite short, or, at most, the lower jaw projects but slightly beyond the upper. But at three-and-a-half inches, the lower jaw is proportionally as long as in the adult, while the upper jaw is still quite short!

puzzle presented by the jaws of the half-beak. But this much is known of the half-beak, that it feeds mainly on green algæ. Are young gar-pike also vegetarians? And, if so, what advantage is there in having the lower jaw so greatly elongated? Some species of these half-beaks, by the way, are fresh-water

fish, and here they are viviparous. Again, one asks, why should this migration to fresh water be accompanied by the production of living young instead of eggs?

All the members of this family, it is to be noted, have a habit of taking great leaps out of the water, sometimes, doubtless, in mere playfulness, at others when in dire peril from the pursuit of tunnies, and other swift and relentless enemies. And we find, when we come to

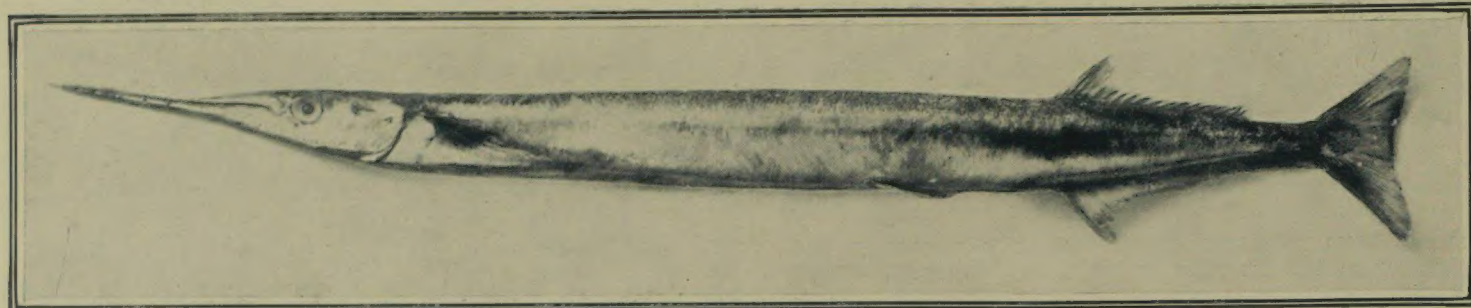


FIG. 1. A FISH WITH JADE-GREEN BONES, AND, IN CONSEQUENCE, WRONGLY BELIEVED TO BE POISONOUS: THE GAR-PIKE (*BELONE VULGARIS*). The Gar-pike, though extremely palatable, is suspect because it has green bones, a peculiarity which it shares with the African Lung-fish, a quite inexplicable coloration. The large species, not found in British waters, are dangerous to fishermen, since the sharp beak can inflict an ugly wound, as the creatures leap out of the net while it is being hauled to the surface.

"gar pike," which he caught while mackerel-fishing; suggesting, at the same time, that I might well find in it "something to write about." I very gladly adopt the suggestion, the more so because the gar-pike is a singularly interesting fish; not merely in itself, but also in comparison with one or two of its near allies.

To begin with, then, the gar-fish, guard-fish, or gar-pike (*Belone vulgaris*), is a summer visitor to our shores, and is, I think, found most abundantly off our west and south coasts. Throughout its stay with us it seems to have an affection for the company of the mackerel, to which, however, it is not related. It is a handsome fish, attaining to a length of three feet, of a bluish-green colour above, set off by silvery sides, which glisten with an indescribable opalescence. As will be seen in the upper photograph (Fig. 1), the head is produced with a long beak, the lower jaw projecting beyond the upper; both jaws are armed with needle-like teeth, while the dorsal-fin is placed far back, near the tail. The breast-fins, it is particularly to be observed, are not conspicuously long.

The gar-pike feeds on small fishes, which are pursued, with extraordinary agility, near the surface of the water. Its "stream-lined" body suggests great speed, and we have further indication of this in the fact that it sometimes spears pilchards, and much larger fish. Since, on such occasions, the beak is commonly broken off, we must attribute the blow to accident: its "braking-powers" were insufficient to avoid the collision. We have a parallel to encounters of this sort in the sword-fish. As a table-fish, I am told, the gar-pike is extremely good; but there exists a common prejudice against it, because of the jade-green colour of its bones, which some regard as a sign of poisonous qualities. But, as a matter of fact, there is no justification for such fears. This most singular character the gar-pike shares with one or two other fish, in no wise related.

About its eggs there is some mystery; for they are studded with small filaments, so that, by their entanglement, clusters are formed. None have yet been taken, I believe, in a natural state, and it is surmised that the function of the filaments is to catch hold of seaweeds on the sea-floor. It has also been suggested that they float in clusters in mid-water. The young present some extremely interesting features.

At this stage it resembles the permanent adult stage of an allied tropical species, the "half-beak" (*Hemiramphus*) (Fig. 3). This is much more than a merely interesting "fact," for one is constrained to

survey the whole series of the 200 species which comprise the family, that these aerial excursions present many gradations of duration, these being accompanied by a gradual increase in the size of the breast-fin. The "saury" or "skipper," a species recalling the gar-fish, but smaller, and sometimes taken off our Cornish coasts, will spring out of the water and glide long distances over the surface, scarcely touching it.

From this we pass, in easy gradations, to those wonderful performances of the flying-fishes of the genus *Exocoetus* (Fig. 2), of which some have enormous breast-fins, recalling swallows' wings. Great controversy has raged over their "flights," some contending that the fins are used as wings, propelling the body by their rapid beating. Others, and they are, without doubt, right, hold that the body is shot forward by a powerful drive from the lower lobe of the tail-fin, when it is lifted upwards by the outspread fins, as an aeroplane is lifted from the ground when "taking-off" head to wind. Such "vibrations" of the wings as have been noticed are due rather to wind-resistance than to muscular action.

These three fishes—the gar-pike, the saury or skipper, and the flying-fishes—are all members of the same family (*Scombrocidae*). Hence they furnish a most interesting illustration of the versatility which some types possess in their response to the needs of their animate environment—responses, that is, to different requirements for the capture of food, and the evading of their enemies, large fish like the tunny and the bonito, and various cetacea. They are also interesting because they are all descend-

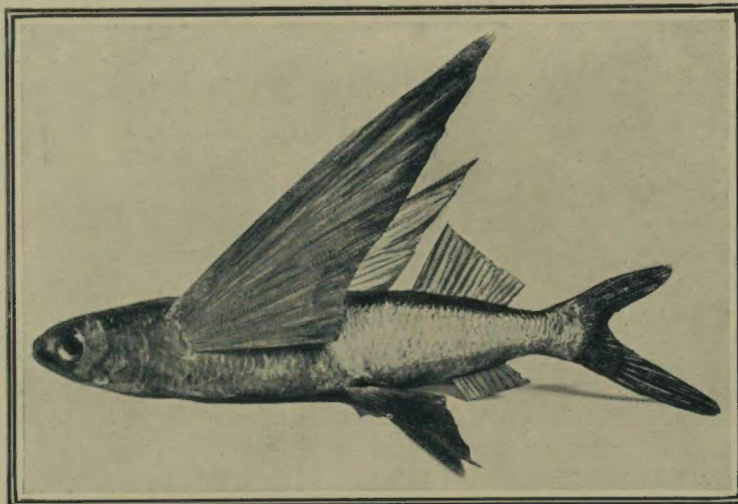


FIG. 2. A SMALL FLYING-FISH SOMETIMES TAKEN OFF THE BRITISH COAST: *EXOCEETUS VOLITANS*.

The Flying-fish (*Exocoetus volitans*) is a small species, sometimes taken off the British coast. The American *E. bahiensis* is conspicuously larger, but in both the great size of the breast-fins enables flying leaps to be taken in mid-air over considerable distances. But these wings are smaller, and very different in shape from those of the "Flying-Gurnards," which belong to a very different group. In spite of the greater area of the wing, they cannot travel as far as the true "Flying-fish."

ask why the rate of growth of the jaws of the gar-pike should show this strange dis-harmony, and why its repetition in the half-beak should be a permanently fixed character? Some day, an opportunity

may arise of watching, in the tanks of the Plymouth Aquarium, the method of feeding pursued by the young gar-pike; and in how far this differs from that of the adult. The clue may thus be obtained to the

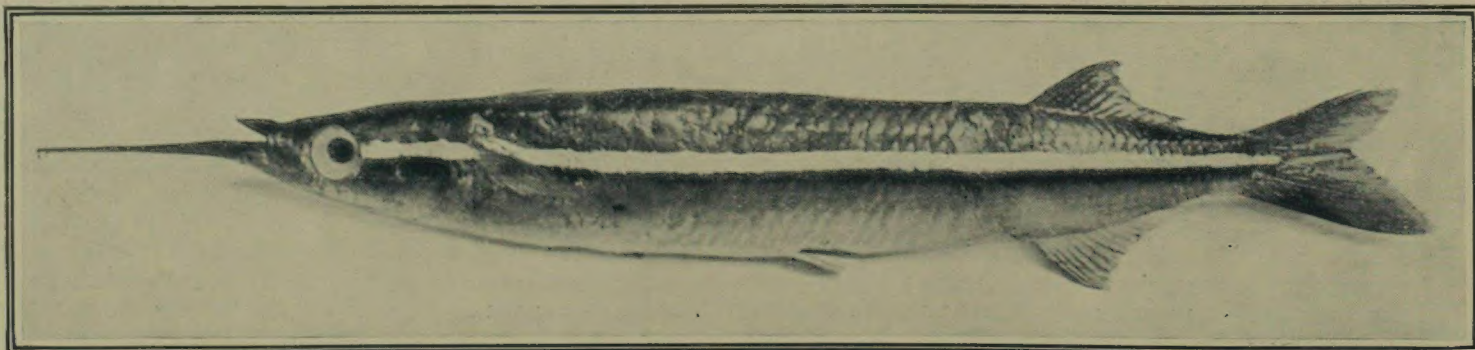


FIG. 3. A RELATIVE OF THE GAR-PIKE, WITH DIFFERENCES IN THE JAW, PERHAPS DUE TO VEGETARIAN DIET: THE HALF-BEAK. The Half-beak, a native of tropical seas, differs conspicuously from the "Gar-pike" in having the upper jaw very short, and fitting into a cavity in the lower jaw, as in the very early stages of the growth of the "Gar-pike." Beyond the cavity for the housing of the upper jaw the rest of this jaw forms a long spike. The mouth is really extremely small. The fish feeds mainly, if not entirely, on algæ.

ants of a common stock, which shows itself to have been unusually "plastic," or, as one might say, "modifiable" by the conditions imposed by their mode of life.

The Colour of Bushman Rock-Paintings.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF DR. A. J. ORENSTEIN, C.M.G.



WONDERFUL BUSHMAN ART FROM SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: A VIVID ROCK-PAINTING FROM THE TSISAB RAVINE OF THE BRANDBURG, SOME 130 MILES NORTH OF WALFISH BAY.

THIS very spirited example of Bushman art, here reproduced from a drawing made direct from the original rock-painting discovered in a ravine of South-West Africa, is of special interest for the vividness and variety of the colouring. The ochre colours usually found in such work comprise white, blue, red, and yellow. In this painting, black is also used with striking effect, and, besides brick-red, there are two other shades—pink, and a kind of magenta. Although this painting comes from another source (of which we have no further particulars than those stated above), it is interesting to compare it with the specimens of prehistoric art from South Africa described and illustrated elsewhere in this number by Dr. Leo Frobenius, the German archaeologist. In a part of his article which we were compelled to omit from it for reasons of space, he writes: "The problem of the age and the origin of the so-called Bushman paintings of Africa has repeatedly baffled science. There is one proven fact which will decide

the answer to these questions. Africa is the most conservative of all the continents. The history of the higher cultures of Asia and Europe shows, during the last 3000 years an unending wavelike movement; successive later manifestations continually cover and conceal the older. Europe especially, is the scene of an ever-repeated renewal. But the Africa that was 're-discovered' in the nineteenth century has been a hiding-place for many old cultures. I have found in the Sudan still active phenomena closely related to the East Mediterranean culture which died out in the Mediterranean a thousand years before the birth of Christ, and in West Africa a living counterpart of that culture which once produced Etruscan art before Roman times. But all these forms live side by side in Africa. We must keep this consideration in mind when we ask ourselves the question of the age and relationships of the African styles of rock-paintings." In his article Dr. Frobenius suggests a method of solving this problem.



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THE MYSTERY OF SOUTH AFRICA'S PREHISTORIC ART: NEWLY DISCOVERED ROCK-DRAWINGS OF DIVERGENT STYLE—THE PROBLEM OF THEIR AGE AND AFFINITIES.

By GEHEIMRAT PROFESSOR LEO FROBENIUS, Leader of the German-Africa Expedition. (See Illustrations on pages 334 and 335).



THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE: GEHEIMRAT PROFESSOR LEO FROBENIUS, PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN-AFRICA INSTITUTE IN FRANKFURT.

ONE of the greatest surprises which students of the history of art have experienced during the last half-century has unquestionably been the discovery that humanity of a very ancient period, the post-glacial Stone Age, created galleries full of works of art which were of an amazing perfection. The first discoveries of this kind were made in the caves of Southern France and the North of Spain, where, from the beginning of the Aurignacian epoch, the "Franco-Cantabrian" style prevailed. The East Spanish style, completely different from the work in these caves, has only been studied and properly appre-

ciated quite recently. In Africa, too, examples of this prehistoric art are to be found in abundance. One of its districts is in North-West Africa, including Southern Morocco and Algiers, and the Sahara from the Atlantic to Tibesti (North-east of Lake Chad), while it may be said to extend almost to the Nile. The second region is almost identical with the Nubian desert, and the style of art found there overlaps into the region of the Sahara art in the Nile district. The third region of rock-paintings is South Africa—that is to say, from the Cape to the Zambesi. South Africa is the country by far the most richly endowed with documents of this kind.

There are very good means by which to ascertain the age and different periods of European prehistoric art, but there are none available for dating the African. The art of rock-painting was still actively alive in Africa—and this statement applies especially to South African territory—in quite recent times, certainly well into the last century.

The African rock-paintings being much scattered, and therefore difficult to get at, also all of them being greatly exposed and likely to be destroyed in the course of time, I decided to create a "gallery of prehistoric rock-paintings." It was for that purpose that an expedition into the Sahara was undertaken by us in 1913-14, one into the Nubian Desert in 1926, and a third one in 1928 to South Africa. When this last one will be brought to even a preliminary conclusion it is, as yet, impossible to say. South Africa offers a wealth of material amounting to hundreds, if not thousands, of specimens. The taking of the pictures is mostly very difficult. The camera is generally useless, for one thing because the paintings are nearly always executed on oblique or much-angled stones, and then, too, because most of them are done in those colours which it is most difficult to photograph. I have therefore had to rely upon the efficiency of my four draughtsmen and artists, who have been specially trained for this kind of work for many years. (Fig. 11 on page 335).

The question of the age and the history of the rock-paintings of South Africa can be definitely answered only when we can command enough material for comparison. It is essential to classify the various styles, and then to ascertain in what relation they stand to each other with regard to age. We have up to now found three different groups of styles which vary distinctly from each other.

The first style is one of engraving. A typical example, a very fine white rhinoceros, was reproduced in *The Illustrated London News* of July 14, 1928. These works were chiselled into hard rock—basalt or diorite—no colours being used at all. Here we always find representations of single animals, their outlines hammered into the rock and amazingly true to nature. No composite scenes occur. In these older works, human figures are rarely represented, and, where they are, only in the form of clumsy sketches. The pictures of human figures are just as poor and misshapen as those of the animals are fine. The district where these engravings are found, mostly chiselled into isolated stones, is the hinterland of South Africa, including the countries adjoining the Kalahari, from South-West Africa to the Orange Free State. In Basutoland, Natal, and Southern Rhodesia only very poor examples have occasionally been found.

The second and third groups of styles consist of painted pictures only. To make the contrast especially obvious to the reader, examples of both styles are illustrated in the photographs (on pages 334 and 335). The second group shows a desire for variety, much movement of the figures, and a preference for soft and gentle delineation. Some typical specimens are reproduced. From the Khotsa cave first we have the representation of a procession of twenty-six human figures (Fig. 1). On most of them, animals' heads can be discerned. From the same cave comes a representation of a chief addressing his people (Fig. 2). The ostrich-feather headdresses are very marked. Fig. 6, from the Bopati Hill, shows a number of men running, a movement which is very much favoured in this group.

Finally, Fig. 5 is an important example of this group. (For details, see footnote on pages 334 and 335.)

From some of these pictures the reader will get an idea of those characteristics (mentioned above) of the group of "magic" styles, while a few instances of the other group, the "sacred" styles, are also given. Four copies from examples of this third style are reproduced. Their main quality is harshness. A remarkable love of angles and sudden interruptions of lines reveals itself, as opposed to the preference for rounded lines and curves in the first group. With regard to composition, a predilection for processions and dances, leading up to a rhythmical repetition of certain poses and movements, strikes the observer of the first group. This phenomenon is completely absent in the "sacred" style. Yet this style, too, delights in composition. But the figures are more scattered. Often it will seem as if the artist had been solely interested in filling-up a certain space with scattered figures in a clever

belong to a later period. We even have an instance of an artist of the later "yellow" period having copied an antelope of the "red" period.

Still further characteristics go to show the difference between works of the third group and those of the second. The latter are almost always executed on sandstone; the former always on granite. This fact bears relation to their geographical distribution. The group of soft and "magic" styles of art reaches from the south into the southern Transvaal, while that of the stern and "sacred" styles ranges from the north up to Limpopo and perhaps even a little farther than that. It is not impossible—there are even some indications that it is a fact—that the southern style was once prevalent much farther north. But we have no proofs of that. And yet it will be our task to clear up this question, for the answer will be decisive for that other question of genetic relationship—that is, the problem of age or period.

The data of distribution, as well as the relations of forms and styles, indicate different periods and affinities. It is obvious that the soft, "magic" style could only hold its own in the sandstone district of the south, while the stern, "sacred" style has been confined to Southern Rhodesia and the "granite" district. The magic style seems to belong to the same period of "Capsian" as the stone tools which have been excavated at the foot of the "caves."

It was the culture of the African Capsian which brought the East Spanish rock-paintings to Europe. Indeed, all the important features of the representation of movement in the soft South African style, conform in the most striking manner to those of the East Spanish paintings. Movements such as those of the running men in Fig. 6, are repeated, as if copied, in Eastern Spain. (See Obermaier: "Prehistoric Man in Spain.") Resting antelopes, woman's dress, and, in particular, the rhythm of the compositions, offer not so much analogies as homologies. All the experiences of ethnology teach us that we must not be misled by the fact that South Africa is very far from Spain, and that there are no visible connections between the two. The "painted" rock-pictures would surely not withstand a tropical climate, the sandstorm of the desert, and, above all, the upheavals of human history! We have only to remember that the discoveries of stone tools of the Capsian period make the whole continent from the South of Africa, over Kenya, Egypt, and the Sahara, to Northern Africa and Spain, appear as one connected territory.

Quite different are the relationships of the stern and "sacred" style. It is only to be found in South Rhodesia, and is identical in its extent with that of the historical South-East African copper, tin, and gold mines. And just as those ancient workings are relics of a culture long dead in coastal regions bordering the Indian Ocean, so also are the relations of the "sacred" style. It is the same style of art which we find in rock-drawings



CONTAINING BURIAL CAVES OF PREHISTORIC CHIEFTAINS, DECORATED WITH MURAL DRAWINGS: A GREAT ROCK AT MAZZINA ZANGARA.

manner, almost like the Japanese. The subjects of these compositions are not always easily discernible. Animals play little part in them. Most of these pictures apparently decorated ancient burial grounds, and may therefore be taken to represent scenes of mourning or wailing over the dead (e.g., Figs. 4 and 8.) Single figures also, as in Fig. 10, seem to bear relation to some grave. But on the other hand, oddities occur which are completely outside our understanding. There are large forms, shaped like galls or livers, into which human figures are painted, or strange beings climbing up on something looking like lightning, a woman reclining under a fruit branch, and so forth.

And here I come to one very remarkable characteristic of these styles: the artists knew how to use subjects from the vegetable kingdom (Fig. 3). This is one of the features that completely separate them from other African and European examples. In European palaeolithic art, the plant is as good as non-existent. In the styles we are now considering, however, trees occur even in composite subjects. Finally it must be mentioned that in these styles red colour is almost always used. Yellow occurs occasionally, but the paintings in this colour seem generally to



DRAWINGS OF RHINOCEROS AND ANTELOPE ON A ROCK-WALL AT VOMBOSCHABA: PREHISTORIC ART AS SEEN IN SITU.

and on the pottery of the Egyptian pre-dynastic Negada culture (vide Flinders Petrie), and on potsherds of the Susa culture on the Persian Gulf. From thence this style penetrated into the Eastern Mediterranean and found, perhaps, its last expression in the so-called "Geometrical" style, richer of meaning but impoverished in form.

CONTRASTS IN SOUTH AFRICAN PREHISTORIC ART: NEWLY-FOUND ROCK-DRAWINGS—MASTERLY ANIMALS, CRUDE MEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY GEHEIMRAT PROFESSOR LEO FROBENIUS, LEADER OF THE GERMAN-AFRICA EXPEDITION. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 333.)



FIG. 1. A PROCESSION OF TWENTY-SIX HUMAN FIGURES, WITH ANIMAL HEADS DISCERNIBLE ON MOST OF THEM; AN EXAMPLE OF THE SOFTER STYLE OF ROCK-DRAWINGS, FROM THE KHOTSA CAVE.

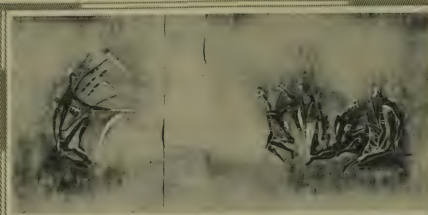


FIG. 2. WEARING A HEAD-DRESS OF OSTRICH FEATHERS: A CHIEF ADDRESSING HIS PEOPLE—ANOTHER PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWING FROM THE KHOTSA CAVE.



FIG. 3. AN EXAMPLE OF A GROUP OF ROCK-DRAWINGS UNIQUE FOR THEIR USE OF SUBJECTS FROM THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM: A TYPE UNKNOWN IN THE PALÆOLITHIC ART OF EUROPE.



FIG. 4. A SCENE OF MOURNING, OR WAITING FOR THE DEAD: ONE OF A GROUP OF ROCK-DRAWINGS THAT APPARENTLY DECORATED SOME ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND.

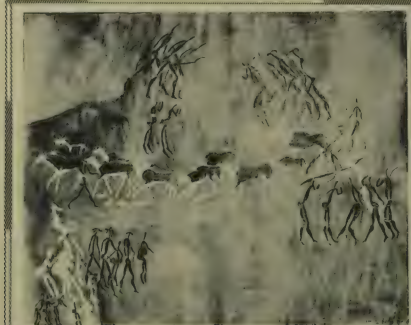


FIG. 5. EVIDENCE THAT THE ELAND MAY HAVE BEEN A DOMESTICATED ANIMAL IN FORMER TIMES: A REMARKABLE ROCK-PAINTING OF HUMAN FIGURES DANCING ROUND A GROUP OF ANTELOPES.



FIG. 6. A TYPE OF SUBJECT TO WHICH SOME VERY CLOSE PARALLELS OCCUR IN THE PREHISTORIC ART OF SPAIN: A ROCK-PAINTING OF MEN RUNNING, WHICH WAS FOUND ON THE BOPATI HILL.



FIG. 7. AN OPEN CAVE BURIAL-PLACE OF A CHIEFTAIN: PART OF A GREAT ROCK (ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 333), SHOWING MURAL DRAWINGS OF ANIMALS (ON RIGHT).

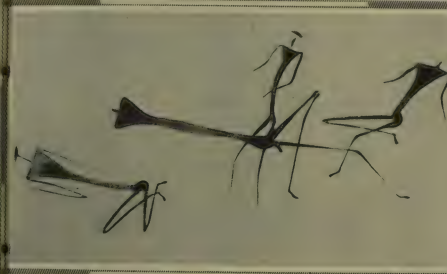


FIG. 8. ANOTHER SCENE OF MOURNING, ANALOGOUS TO THAT IN FIG. 4: AN EXAMPLE OF A GROUP OF ROCK-DRAWINGS MARKED BY A HARSH, ANGULAR STYLE, WITH SCATTERED FIGURES.



FIG. 9. DECORATED WITH MANY FINE SPECIMENS OF ROCK-DRAWINGS OF VARIOUS ANIMALS: THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE SHOWN IN FIG. 7.



FIG. 10. "SINGLE FIGURES ALSO SEEM TO BEAR RELATION TO SOME GRAVE": A KNEELING MAN—A ROCK-DRAWING OF THE SAME STYLE AS THOSE IN FIGS. 4 AND 8.

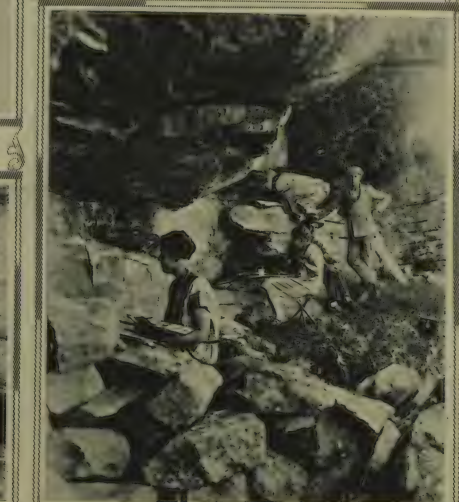


FIG. 11. COPYING ROCK-DRAWINGS NEAR THE CALEDON RIVER: ARTISTS EMPLOYED BY THE GERMAN EXPEDITION OWING TO THE DIFFICULTIES OF TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PREHISTORIC WORKS.

These very interesting photographs of prehistoric rock-drawings in South Africa, illustrate the article by Dr. Frobenius, the famous German archaeologist, given on page 333 of this issue, and the illustrations are numbered to correspond with his references to the various subjects. He distinguishes several groups in South African prehistoric art, marked by divergences of style and treatment, as well as of subject, and points out how a close study of these ancient works of art. He also draws an interesting comparison between some of the South African rock-paintings and those of Eastern Spain. One notable rock-drawing among those shown above is that in Fig. 3, which belongs to a group in which vegetable subjects appear—a feature which, as Dr. Frobenius explains, "completely separates them from other African and European examples. In European Palæolithic art (he adds) the plant is as good as non-existent." But the most important of the above

specimens is that in Fig. 5, of which Dr. Frobenius writes: "In the centre of this picture a number of Eland antelopes are being driven together in a herd, all of them calves, except one mother animal in the rear (to the right). All four groups of human figures seem to be dancing, and they apparently form parts of one large subject representing a dance. This painting deserves especial attention. It is not impossible that this kind of antelope was used as a domestic animal by some South African tribes in former times. The so-called 'Bushmen' in the North-East, when courting a girl, have to bring their prospective father-in-law an old Eland antelope. In the Bushman fables collected fifty years ago by Von Orpen, the Eland antelope is mentioned once as a domestic animal. It is the most easily tamed animal in South Africa. I have seen several instances of Eland going to pasture with the cattle. General Smuts, who is a very keen observer, told us of some very typical cases which go to prove the former domestication of these animals."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

MR. ROBERT YOUNG, M.P., ON THE NATIONAL THEATRE—A UNIVERSAL THEATRICAL EXHIBITION FOR LONDON.

AS Mr. Robert S. Young, M.P., is the prime mover in the renewed movement in favour of the establishment of a National Theatre, I sent him the article which appeared in "The World of the Theatre" on Aug. 10, begging him to give his opinion, which would greatly interest our readers. He kindly complied, and said, in a covering letter, "I have read your article and thank you very much for it. There should be a new stimulus to the idea of a National Theatre." Then Mr. Young proceeds—

My friend, Mr. Grein, has invited me to write a few words on the subject of a National Theatre, in view of the publicity which my question in the House of Commons to the Prime Minister has aroused. I am most grateful to Mr. Grein because it is only by constant pressure on the authorities, organised by an informed and determined public opinion, that action will be taken. It is Mr. Grein's job, and mine, to stir up the necessary public opinion.

First of all, I would like to reprint the Prime Minister's answer to the question I put to him. It is significant. "I have a great deal of sympathy with the scheme which my hon. friend has in mind. There are, however, serious difficulties arising partly from the number of similar schemes which are put forward. In present circumstances, therefore, I should be holding out false hopes if I were to answer otherwise than that I regret that I cannot give a promise of a Government subsidy."

On first reading, this may appear to be a polite but definite refusal. Prime Ministers, however, choose their words carefully, and this answer is an invitation to those concerned to get together to hammer out an agreed scheme and to present it to the Government. When this is done—and always assuming the agreed scheme is not fantastic—the "circumstances" which now prevent the Prime Minister "from promising a subsidy" may be removed. In brief, the Government is placing the onus on those who advocate a National Theatre of producing a definite, workable, and agreed scheme, and of presenting it to the Government for their sanction and action.

Since I asked this question my letter-bag has been swollen with letters from many enthusiasts, amongst them Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, the well-known secretary of the British Drama League. He states that "it seems to me that you have elicited a very important reply from the Prime Minister. So far as I know, it is the first time that the door has been left slightly ajar for further action on the part of those who desire a National Theatre."

The present Government is undoubtedly favourable to a National Theatre both in principle and practice. I do not even believe that Mr. Snowden, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, would oppose it. He is no dry-as-dust financier, but a man of wide interests, idealism, and vision. It could be argued that, in view of the terrible state of our trade and the enormous expense of unemployment, the idea of a National Theatre is inexcusably wasteful and extravagant. It is a dull and stupid argument. Only those whose minds are stunted by materialism and a false sense of national economy, and who have never known the intangible joys of music and drama and colour, could have patience with such dangerous nonsense.

I am inclined to agree with Mr. Grein that an annual subsidy may not be necessary, and is certainly not an immediate problem. Even the question of a grant of, say, £300,000 is not unanswerable. A cruiser costs us ten times as much. I think the chief problem is lack of confidence. What proof has the dramatic profession displayed that it is competent to manage such a national

treasure and responsibility? Does it select plays wisely? Does it waste money foolishly? Does it treat its actors and actresses decently? Do actors show a proper sense of the dignity of their calling? Is their profession exclusive and well organised? If not, why?

If I were the Prime Minister I would expect satisfactory answers to these very pertinent questions, before I consented to place in the hands of the profession the high honour and responsibility of a National Theatre. For if the scheme is to succeed it must be largely autonomous. A National Theatre must not be a Government-managed theatre. The questions, therefore, which our profession must be prepared to answer are these: What is your

but the few exhibitions organised in Germany and in Paris have been what I should call merely "sectarian," and the "show" in London a few years ago, when mainly scene plans were displayed, was "as far from the real idea as the North Pole from Australia." So says Mr. Glentanner, who has been in London seeking a site where the whole modern activity of the theatre can be embodied and demonstrated. He has his eye on two localities eminently suited to the purpose—Earl's Court and the White City. His plan is to combine with a minute display of scenic art and stage-craft a pageant of the leading companies of the

world—the subsidised companies of Paris, Vienna, Brussels, Germany, the Stage Guild of New York, the National Soviet Theatre of Moscow, not forgetting the Imperial Playhouse of Japan, and, if in the present turmoil there is such a thing, a real Chinese theatre. He has, so he says, launched some "feelers," and wherever he mooted the project he has found willing ears. In some quarters—the eastern countries of Europe—hope was even held out of a certain subsidy and free performances, all expenses paid by the State.

This last point brought us to the question of finance. I told him my frank opinion that he would find some enthusiasm, but probably very little money, in London. Then he said: "I knew you were going to wave that wet blanket."

I have other plans. As I speak I am in concert with Belgian bankers forming a *Société Anonyme Exposition Théâtrale Universel à Londres* (1931). It will be launched in the spring of 1930, probably at Antwerp on the occasion of the opening of the Shipping Exhibition. My aim is a premium-loan—the ideal form of lottery prohibited in London. I want to raise—as was done in the case of the Brussels Exhibition years ago—three million francs in premium bonds of 100 francs each. These bonds will bear 2½ per cent. interest and contain a certain number of tickets of admission, and—this is the bait!—every six months there will be drawn a number of bonds for amortisation, all of them above par, some of them with "fat" prizes. The system is very popular in Belgium, where many municipal loans are raised in this way; and, no doubt, when English visitors abound in Antwerp, they will like a little gamble with "something for nothing"—the tickets—attached to it.

"What about official patronage?"

"That I will get in due course. But 'safety first.' I have my pockets full of diplomatic introductions, but I will not use them until the loan is privately underwritten. I must not risk a fiasco. Meanwhile, there is already a sufficiency for the preliminaries, and tomorrow I shall pack my traps and visit all the leading capitals of Europe from Oslo to Constantinople, and interview all the directors of

the great State theatres and all the magnates among the producers. Will you tell your public," concluded Glentanner, "that I shall be glad of their support. Letters care-of Wallace's, 4, Duke Street, Adelphi, will be forwarded to wherever I am. *Au revoir!*"



REMARKABLE DUTCH MASKS IN A NEW BALLET BY W. B. YEATS: A SCENE FROM "FIGHTING THE WAVES," AT THE ABBEY THEATRE, DUBLIN—FAND, THE WOMAN OF THE SEA, DANCING TO FASCINATE CUCHULAIN, IS DEFEATED BY HIS WIFE'S LOVE.

concrete scheme? What guarantees can you produce that it will be properly managed?

Mr. John Glentanner, an English actor who has made good (and some dollars) in America, wants to



CUCHULAIN (MICHAEL DOLAN, CENTRE, IN A STRIKING MASK) "FIGHTING THE WAVES" (REPRESENTED BY MASKED DANCERS): THE OPENING SCENE OF THE NEW BALLET, BY W. B. YEATS, SYMBOLISING THE SUBJECTIVITY OF BEAUTY.

The new ballet, or "play for dancers," entitled "Fighting the Waves," by Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, was produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on August 13, and proved a great success. It is founded on Mr. Yeats's blank verse play, "The Only Jealousy of Emer," an Irish legend, but the verse is changed to prose, and masks made by the Dutch sculptor, Mr. Hildo Krop, replace those of Mr. Edmund Dulac, whose fine lines required daylight to be effective. The music was by Mr. George Antheil, an American composer, and the dancers were those of the Abbey Theatre School of Dancing, led by Miss Ninette de Valois. The ballet opens with Cuchulain "fighting the waves," into which he had plunged through grief for having killed his son. Next he is seen lying on a couch attended by his wife, Emer (Miss Meriel Moore) and his mistress, Eithne (Miss Shelah Richards). He is not drowned, but entranced, and Eithne's kiss revives him. The Spirit of Bricriu urges Emer to renunciation. Fand, the woman of the sea, seeks to lure Cuchulain by dancing, but is defeated by Emer's love, and the curtain falls on Fand "fighting the waves" in a dance of despair. The use of masks, Mr. Yeats explains, helps the symbolism of the play, which shows that beauty is subjective.

endow London with a World Theatrical Exhibition in 1931. Ever since that marvellous pageant at Vienna in 1892, when Duse rose to immortal fame in Ibsen's "Doll's House," there have been attempts to reveal the World of the Theatre on a wider scale,

A FESTIVAL UNLIKE ANY OTHER: MUSIC AND DRAMA AT CANTERBURY.



A MORALITY PLAY ON A STAGE BEFORE THE WEST FRONT OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE PRESENTATION OF "EVERYMAN"; WITH THE FIGURE OF THE ALMIGHTY OVER THE PORCH.

The festival of music and drama within and without Canterbury Cathedral began on the afternoon of August 19, when a programme of orchestral music, adapted by Mr. Adrian Boult, was given in the nave, and the morality play "Everyman" was presented by the Norwich Players on a simple stage set before the West Front of the building. There has been some discussion as to the event; but it should be noted at once that, as "The Times" musical critic put it: "It is evident that this festival is unlike any other both in its purpose and in the arrangements made to carry out this purpose." The audience listened in that



complete silence which is reverence. "The speech of the Almighty was delivered in monotone from the height of the Cathedral porch and in a way which set the tone of solemnity without which 'Everyman' would be an impossible play to act in these conditions. There could be no doubt that, as the prologue says, the hearers were disposed 'to hear this matter with reverence, by figure a moral play.'" It was arranged to repeat the morality play on the Wednesday, the Thursday, and the Friday; and it should be added, perhaps, that the Norwich Players, who were uniformly excellent, withheld their names.

A Very Elia of an Antiquary: Essays of Walter Bell.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"LONDON REDISCOVERIES AND SOME OTHERS": By WALTER G. BELL.*

(PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD.)

MR. WALTER BELL, antiquary and worker in Fleet Street of the 'ever vigilant, clairaudent eye,' has been arraigned amiably, charged with Mr. Dick-ery, in that the Tower of London is to him what King Charles the First was to Betsy Trotwood's prodigious genius; and, indeed, to force another comparison, it might be argued that our grim guardian of the river gate is, in truth, at least as much to him as the Iron Duke was to the writer of that Peace ballad of 1815 which ended—

One word more—of all sights that in town I did see,
There was one sight worth all the whole bundle to me,
Great Wellington's self who has made the world ring,
With glory, God bless him, and God save the King.

He has pleaded Guilty, with extenuating circumstances. Thus he makes excuse: "Quite the nicest people have told me that I am obsessed with London, and cannot get away from the Tower. Well, here are not more than two or three—perhaps half a dozen—things about the Tower; and I have gone wide." That is no more than fact. In one chapter he ventures as far as "our Court at Newport" with the fugitive White King; in another he is in Yorkshire; in the last he journeys to St. Ives—though he starts at St. Andrew's, High Holborn!

Seriously, however, none would have demurred if he had been entirely faithful to his old love, although they would have missed acquaintance with the new and delightful. Nothing could be more fascinating than his stories



"ON THE SURFACE, ROMAN LONDON HAS WHOLLY DISAPPEARED": THE BURIAL URNS OF TWO ROMAN LONDONERS; FOUND IN A ROMAN CEMETERY, 20 FT. BELOW SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET.

"Twenty burial urns were recovered, lying pretty close together. Each one contained the bones of some Roman inhabitant of London who had known our city and walked its streets, as we do, but sixteen and eighteen centuries ago. . . . The urns are of clay . . . varying from 10 in. to 15 in. in height. . . . Somewhere, no doubt in close proximity, the funeral pyres of these Roman Londoners were lighted. . . . Ashes to ashes returned. The wood fires did not effect the complete destruction we accomplish in these days, for many of the calcined bones are still intact, and are easily recognisable. Then the urns were placed in the ground, and thus, row upon row, this long forgotten cemetery of London was filled with its dead."

Illustrations reproduced from "London Rediscoveries and Some Others," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher.

of the Gentleman Jailer's House and its associations with Jane the Quene, towards whom the edge of the dread ceremonial axe was turned in the "fewers" of her age, broadcasting the news of her condemnation to burning or beheading, as the royal grace should please; nothing more sympathetic than his Easter at the Tower, and the Beating of the Bounds with wands of stripped willow; nothing more amusing than the "holy spring" whose water had never ceased to well "since William the Conqueror built the Tower, not for a day," but stopped short, never to flow again, when the wailing hiss of a "ghost" was silenced by a plumber who mended a fractured pipe within a wall; or the yarn of the fee-earning guide of the bad old days who invested in shears and penny bottles of red ink and was able to exhibit an Execution Ground where no grass would grow—"It's a long time, 'undreds of years, since these Royal Queens was executed, beheaded just here, but Royal blood—well, somehow blood you can't get rid of. You may not believe me, ladies and gentlemen, but I've seed it myself in this ground, with my own eyes, just here. Maybe—I don't know—but perhaps we might see it this very day"—and bending low, with a light touch the warder would run his fingers over the accursed soil, disturbing it, and there—there, too—sure enough were the tell-tale red patches in the earth. 'Thank you, Sir—Thank you, Sir!'

And so away from the Tower—to a Bank, Hoare's, in Fleet Street, to wit, where the black coat and the white tie of tradition are still worn, where there are still "shop" and "parlour," where there is always a partner sleeping on the premises and unlocking the door at nine each morning, where there are the flintlock muskets which were

served out to the clerks chosen to defend the premises when the Gordon Rioters were afoot, the bayonets, and the ammunition-pouches, and where the modern spirit is ingeniously symbolised by wafer-box turned mustard-pot, by a sand-caster pepper-box, and by double doors to the partners' sanctum which swing aside and open in response to a step upon the mat! There Pepys kept an account—and our historian demonstrates that he was born in Salisbury Court, and baptised at St. Bride's on his eighth day.

Then to the Guildhall and the finding—in a small round wooden box in a drawer—of "Fragments of a Seal Unknown" which are no less than the relics of that impression of William the Conqueror's second Great Seal which was attached to his Charter to London: "William, King, greets William, Bishop, and Gosfredh, Portreeve, and all the burgesses within London, French and English, friendly. And I give you to know that I will ye be all those laws worthy that ye were in King Eadward's day. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's day, and I will not suffer that any man offer you any wrong. God help you"—Sixty-six words in Anglo-Saxon, "the corner-stone of London's ancient liberties." Further: the restoration of part of the City's copy of Petrus de Riga's metrical version of Books of the Bible; and the gift by Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield of a document bearing the seal of Richard Whittington—Richard Whytinton, citizen and mercer of London—not, it is to be lamented, presenting a portrait of that worthy, though many would be willing to assume this, but, probably, the head of "some classic hero, copied perhaps from an old intaglio."

Next, for variety, "the very spice of life," a charming chat on "Old Masters of Fishing," with disdain for whoever decided, in Gervase Markham's "The Pleasures of Princes," that to take a pike with sport you might "Tie a hooke with a frogge upon it with a string at the foot of a Goose and put her into a Pond, where you shall see good tugging"; and with wonder for the fifteenth-century Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress, it may be, of the Benedictine Nunnery of Sopwell, a cell of St. Alban's Abbey, who wrote learnedly and didactically in *The Boke of St. Alban's*—if someone did not invent her and her name!—and advised a "rodde" that "woll be lyghte and full nymbyll to fysshe wyth at your luste"—an implement of scaffold-pole dimensions, Mr. Bell surmises, for he calculates that it must have been about sixteen feet in length. "First," he says, "there is the 'staffe' of hazel, willow, or mountain ash, when cut in autumn as thick as the arm, and of 9 ft. When dry it is to be hollowed through its length by burning with red-hot irons, after which the bulk may be whittled down. Next the 'crope' is to be made—the top joint as we should say—of two woods, a yard of hazel 'fretted' (bound) to a length of blackthorn, crab, medlar, or 'jenypre.' Thus fashioned, the crop fits telescopically into the staff, which itself is protected at both ends by iron hoops."

In grislier vein, three things.

Firstly, the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, with the agonising death of Henry IV. "in Jerusalem," according to the prophecy.

Secondly, Gibbet Law in Halifax, where, even until 1650, felons were "headed" by the local machine (which

drop them from the bridge into the harbour at high tide, leaving them to drown; Sandwich, to bury man or woman alive at a spot called 'Thiefdowns' (was choice of that name mediæval humour, I wonder?); Fordwich, to tie the culprit, 'knee bent,' then drown him in the River Stour."

Thirdly, "Necrology" with the burial of George II., when a side of his coffin was removed, and a side of Queen Caroline's, that the ashes of man and wife might mingle:

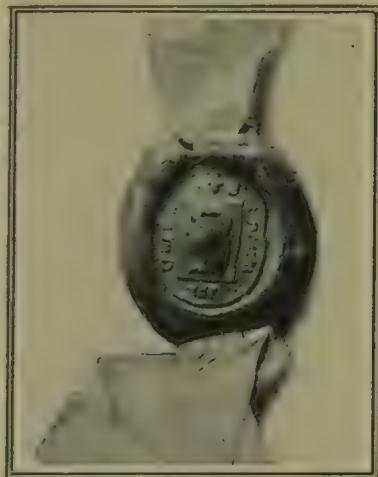
with the articulated, wax-effigied and clothed Jeremy Bentham, in University College, London; the stealing of the dead "immortal Thomas Paine"; the disinterment of "John Hampden"; the eerie disturbances of the last rest of King Edward I., whose body, clad in waxed, preservative cerecloth, lay dressed as in life, crowned and sceptred; and the chance that led to the burial of Charles I. by the side of Henry VIII., at Windsor.

Then, in lighter mood, a dream of the Record Office and the infinite treasures in its little room; a dissertation on the Regent Street that was and the Regent Street that is; "Roman London," recalling that "on the surface, Roman London has wholly disappeared," despite the visible "Roman Wall"; a fireside glimpse of Punch and Judy, the terriers, and Twinkle, the cat; and word of the libraries of the Inns of Court, with the note that "the public have a right at Inner Temple to call for the rich collection of manuscripts, largely of Queen Elizabeth's reign, which William Petyt left to the library," that library which knew gaming in the time of Charles II. And, not altogether so light, but vastly intriguing, as certain novelists would have it, a hazard as to how it came about that Charles Peace was arrested in the garden of Mr. James Burness's mansion at Blackheath—a surreptitious smoke and— But it would be unfair to give a hint of the suggestion.

Nor must I quote more. "London Rediscoveries and Some Others" is for everyone's reading, and everyone should read it. Its author will not have to protest, as he threatens to do, "if anyone stows it away amongst those printed deceits against which Charles Lamb cried out: 'In this catalogue of books which are no books—*bibliotheca-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books (the Literary excepted), Draught Boards bound and

lettered at the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without': the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy." For none will stow it away—its writer is a very Elia of an antiquary.

E. H. G.



THE ONLY ONE KNOWN TO EXIST: AN IMPRESSION OF THE SEAL OF "DICK" WHITTINGTON, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (ABOUT NAT. SIZE).

This seal is on a document dated 1402, a parchment which describes Whittington as "Richard Whytinton, citizen and mercer of London," one of the "receivers general in England of the illustrious lord Edward, earl of Rutland and of Corke." One would like to believe that it shows a portrait of Whittington, but it is to be feared that it does not. "Inspected carefully, the head seems rather to be that of some classic hero, copied perhaps from some old intaglio."



A GUILDHALL DISCOVERY: THE SECOND GREAT SEAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, WHICH WAS AFFIXED TO HIS CHARTER TO LONDON—THE ACTUAL PARTS FOUND ARE WITHIN THE DOTTED LINES.

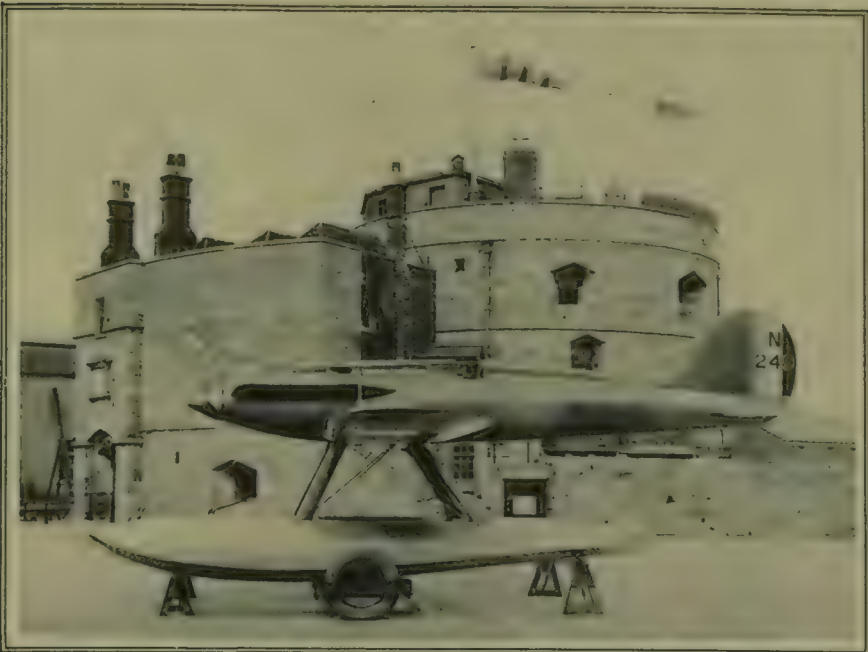
Remains of what proved to be the second Great Seal of William the Conqueror, the very impression that was put upon that King's Charter to the City of London, were found at the Guildhall, in a little box in a drawer, marked "Fragments of Seal Unknown." To Mr. A. H. Thomas is due the identification, and Mr. Bell thinks that the idea was suggested to him by the "pendulous" abdomen with which William's ungainly frame figures upon his seals. This illustration, it should be added, is not that of the actual City Seal, but of a seal preserved among the national archives of France, chosen for the purpose because it is more complete. The recovered parts of the Guildhall seal are indicated by the broken lines.

was close akin to the Scottish Maiden and the French Guillotine), usually for stealing cloth from tenters; and so suffered the sort of penalties that had been enforced by holders of the ancient rights of Infangthef and Outfangthef: "The Cinque Ports even in the fifteenth century recited their customary laws which entitled them to inflict sanguinary punishments: Hastings and Dover, to throw condemned felons over a high cliff into the sea; Pevensey, to



* "London Rediscoveries and Some Others." By Walter George Bell, F.S.A., F.R.A.S. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

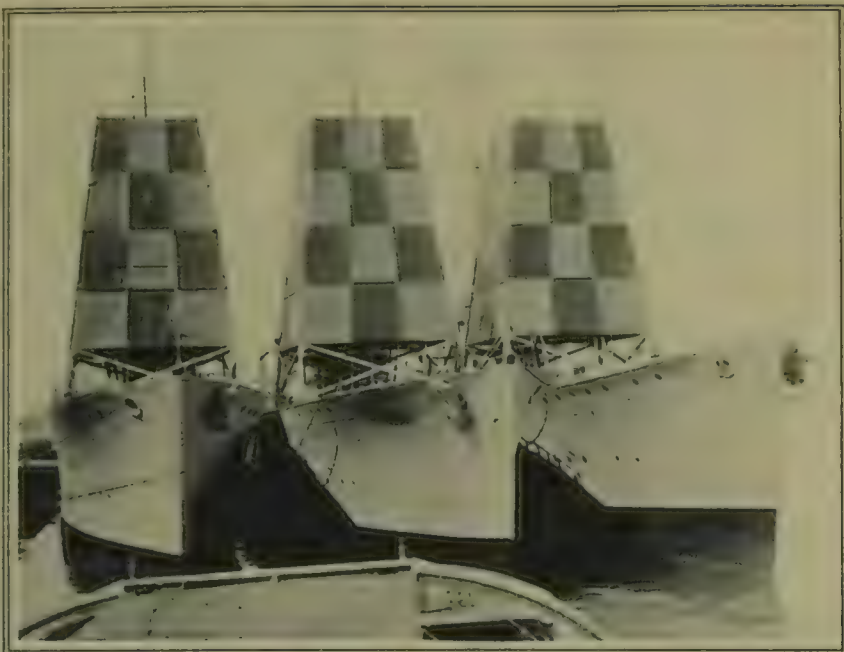
CONQUERING THE AIR: BRITAIN'S GLOSTER-NAPIER SIX; A "TIN" DIRIGIBLE; AND AMERICA'S "MERCURY" RACER.



BRITAIN'S "HUSH-HUSH" ENTRY FOR THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY: THE METAL-AND-WOOD GLOSTER-NAPIER SIX MONOPLANE, WHICH STORES HER FUEL IN HER FLOATS, AND HAS WATER RADIATORS IN HER WINGS.

As the date for the great contest for the Schneider Trophy draws near, enormous interest is being taken in the entrants representing this country, Italy, and the United States. Already the final details have been announced for the event of September 7 (or later, if the weather is unsuitable). In those arrangements figure the "mark"-boats illustrated, and it is interesting to note that, standing by at each of these, will be a high-speed motor-boat on First-Aid duty, with a doctor, first-aid men, and appliances, including a stretcher, aboard. As each seaplane passes over a "mark"-boat, that fact will be wireless to the next "mark"-boat. Thus, it will be known speedily if any accident occurs. The Gloster-Napier Six, which was a secret until the other day, is partly metal, partly wood. There are water radiators in her wings, but the chief oil radiator is the curved surface of the fuselage, behind the cockpit, with auxiliary coolers on the floats.

Continued opposite.



THE COMING RACE FOR THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY: DESTROYERS AS "MARK"-BOATS, ONE OF WHICH WILL BE OFF SOUTHSEA; ONE SOUTH OF CALSHOT; ONE OFF SEAVIEW; AND ONE SOUTH OF HAYLING ISLAND.

first-aid men, and appliances, including a stretcher, aboard. As each seaplane passes over a "mark"-boat, that fact will be wireless to the next "mark"-boat. Thus, it will be known speedily if any accident occurs. The Gloster-Napier Six, which was a secret until the other day, is partly metal, partly wood. There are water radiators in her wings, but the chief oil radiator is the curved surface of the fuselage, behind the cockpit, with auxiliary coolers on the floats.



A "TIN" DIRIGIBLE UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY: THE METAL AIRSHIP, WHOSE SECTIONS HAVE BEEN "SEWN" TOGETHER BY MEANS OF RIVETS.

What is described as the first "tin" ship of the air, an all-metal dirigible, is under construction, at Detroit, for the United States Navy. It is of "alclad," a production of the Aluminium Company, which is very light, but strong. The sections of the hull have been "sewn" together by means of rivets. The craft has a capacity of 200,000 feet.



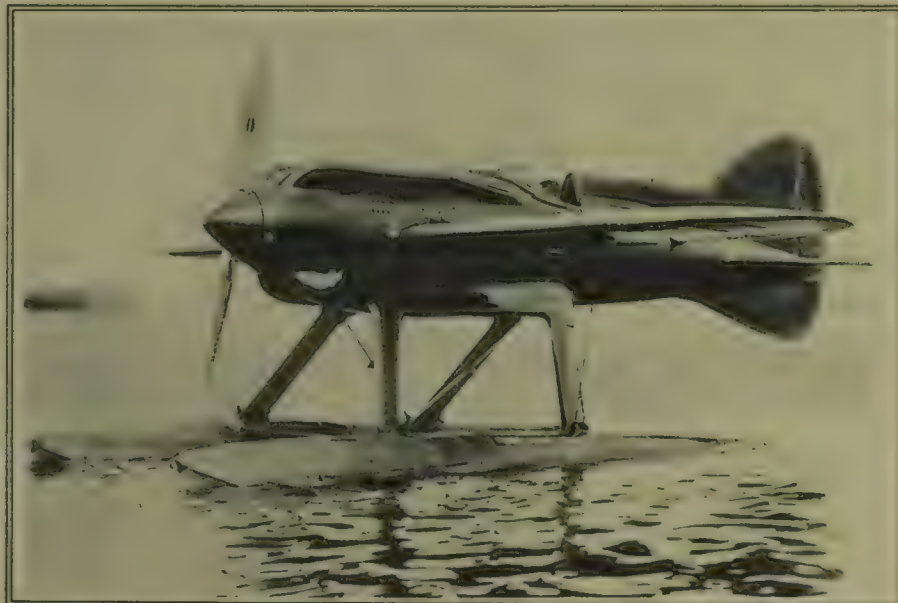
THE "TIN" SHIP OF THE AIR: A VIEW OF THE CABIN OF THE ALL-METAL DIRIGIBLE FOR THE UNITED STATES.

and its lifting power will be supplied by helium. It is without tail rudders, but has eight fins of the type shown. It is said to be thirty-four times as strong as the world-touring "Graf Zeppelin."



A MISHAP TO THE UNITED STATES ENTRANT FOR THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY: LT. ALFORD WILLIAMS'S SEAPLANE BEING HAULED OUT OF THE RIVER AT ANNAPOLIS, AFTER HAVING BEEN PARTIALLY SUBMERGED BY ACCIDENT.

Up to the moment of writing, it cannot be said that Lt. Alford Williams has had much luck with his seaplane. As one of our photographs shows, it was partially submerged in the river at Annapolis, in the early days of August; and two later reports gave news of other mishaps. On August 17, for instance, a short circuit caused flames to burst from beneath the engine cowling while mechanics were making final preparations for a trial flight. No serious damage was caused. A



FINALLY TESTED THIS WEEK AS A PRELIMINARY TO SHIPMENT TO ENGLAND: LT. ALFORD WILLIAMS'S "MERCURY" MOSQUITO - RACER SEAPLANE, THE UNITED STATES ENTRANT FOR THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTEST.

few hours later came the second report. This was to the effect that Lt. Williams had made an unsuccessful test, in that he had been prevented from rising by a fall in the pressure of the petrol supply after his machine had taxi-ed at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and that he had had to be towed back. The pilot, nevertheless, expressed his opinion that the machine was thoroughly air-worthy. Since, it has been said that it may not compete.

CEYLON'S GREAT AUGUST FESTIVAL: THE KANDY PERAHARA—A "TOOTH" OF BUDDHA BORNE ON A SACRED ELEPHANT.



THE SACRED ELEPHANT WITH ITS HOWDAH CONTAINING THE "TOOTH OF BUDDHA": THE RELIC IN POSITION TO RETURN FROM THE ARAHANA MALIWA TEMPLE TO THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH.



SHOWN AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY: SINHALESE (KINGALESSE) TEMPLE DANCERS WHO PARTICIPATE IN RITUAL AND IN THE PERAHARA AT KANDY.



THE RELIC-BEARING ELEPHANT (THE CENTRE ONE OF THE TRIO) AND HIS COMPANIONS WITH FLY-WHISKS (CHAMARAS)—AN ANCIENT SINHALESE EMBLEM OF ROYALTY—ATTACHED TO EACH SIDE OF THEIR HEADS: PART OF THE GREAT ANNUAL PERAHARA PROCESSION ROUNDED A CORNER IN KANDY.

The great Kandy Perahara, held every August, is one of the sights of Ceylon, and visitors and residents alike throng to see this wonderful procession. Although generally regarded as a religious festival connected with the Buddhist Temple of the Tooth, the Perahara was originally a State ceremony having no association with Buddhism. Until the reign of King Kirtisree, some 200 years ago, it had no connection with the Dalada (the so-called Tooth Relic) of Buddha, which was first carried in procession in 1775, through the influence of some Siamese Buddhist priests visiting Ceylon, who disapproved of Hindu gods being honoured at the festival. To appease them, King Kirtisree ordered that the Tooth should be borne at the head of the procession, and sent his own elephant howdah for its conveyance. Historically, the Perahara is supposed to commemorate the victory of King Gajabahu I., who in the second century (A.D.) led an army across to India to avenge the invasion of a Tamil king who had carried off 12,000 Sinhalese captives. Gajabahu brought them back, and, having seen a great Hindu elephant procession in India, instituted a yearly festival in honour of his own triumph. The Perahara procession parades the streets of Kandy for



PRECEDED BY THE CHIEF TEMPLE OFFICIALS (IN ROUND FLAT CAPS): THE SACRED ELEPHANTS IN GOLD AND SILVER FILIGREE TRAPPINGS DECORATED WITH JEWELS AND SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES, THE LEFT-HAND ELEPHANT BEARING A SOLID SILVER PAGODA CONTAINING THE "TOOTH OF BUDDHA," BENEATH A GOLD AND SILVER ENCRUSTED ROOF OR DOME HUNG WITH GEMS AND MINUTE SILVER BELLS.

five days, with elephants and torches (at night), culminating in what is known as the "water-cutting" ceremony, commemorating a miracle performed by Gajabahu. Sometimes as many as 140 elephants take part in these processions. The Perahara week at Kandy (says an interesting booklet by Allison Grieve, on the history of the festival) has become a social season for British residents, with dances and tennis tournaments. From another source we learn that the so-called Tooth of Buddha, believed by devout Buddhists to be a genuine relic, and jealously guarded in a little sanctuary in the Temple of the Tooth, is very unlike a human tooth and resembles that of a crocodile. It is 1½ in. long by ¼ in. in diameter. The best authorities consider that the real tooth was seized and destroyed by the Portuguese in 1560, and one account says that the present "relic" was made in 1566, as a substitute, from a piece of discoloured ivory. The original tooth is said to have been rescued from Buddha's funeral pyre in B.C. 543, and its first resting-place was at Danta-poor, near Calcutta, where it was preserved for centuries and honoured by great festivals.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF MEMORABLE SCENES AND EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



WHERE THE DUCHESS OF YORK IS ACTING AS HOSTESS TO A ROYAL PARTY: BIRCHALL, A HISTORIC OLD HOUSE AMID THE WOODS NEAR BALMORAL.

The Duke and Duchess of York motored from Glamis, on August 18, to Birchall, Balmoral, an old house picturesquely situated among the woods about five miles from Balmoral, and the Duke of Gloucester spent the night on the 19th for a ten-week holiday. The Prince of Wales and Prince George are expected later. Birchall, built during the first Jacobite rebellion, is associated with romantic episodes in Stuart history.



THE EVOLUTION OF RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVES: (L. TO R.) THE LATEST "ROYAL SCOT," THE "COLUMBINE" (1843) AND A REPLICATION OF THE "ROCKET" (1825). This interesting photograph, which illustrates the extraordinary development of railway locomotives during the past century or so, was taken recently at the L.M.S. Railway Works at Crewe, where there is a replica of George Stephenson's famous "Rocket," dated 1825. In the centre is seen the original "Columbine," built in 1843, and on the left is one of the giants of to-day, the latest type of "Royal Scot."



A RESTAURANT BUILT TO RESEMBLE A RAILWAY TRAIN AND ENGINE: A CURIOSITY OF AMERICAN "FREAK" ARCHITECTURE. The structure seen in this photograph is described as a "lunch wagon," built to look like a railway train and engine, complete with cow-catcher in front. This unusual type of restaurant stands at Newport, the well-known resort on Rhode Island. A note supplied with the photograph, which has just reached us from an American source, states that "Newport, imitates Southern California in queer designs for roadside stands."



THE PASSING OF A GREAT BRITISH WAR LEADER: THE LYING-IN-STATE OF LORD HORNE IN THE HALL OF HIS HOME AT STIRKOE HOUSE, WICK.

General Lord Horne, the famous commander of the First Army, died suddenly, on August 14, while shooting on the moors of his estate at Stirkoe, Wick, Caithness. On the flag-draped coffin, are his sword and cap. By his own wish, he did not have a military funeral. The coffin was borne on a farm wagon to Wick, where he was buried. A memorial service was held at the Garrison Church, Wodehouse.



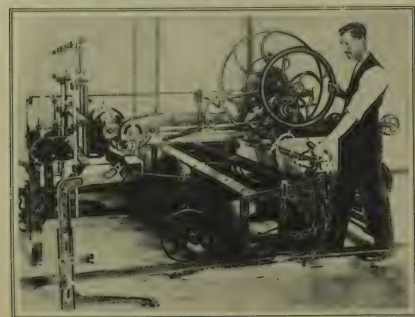
A NEW NATIONAL TREASURE: A FINE MINIATURE OF MRS. SIDONS, BY RICHARD CROSSE. Among recent acquisitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum (on view in the Central Court) are three important miniatures by Richard Cross (1742-1810). One is the above portrait of Mrs. Sidons, the actress, and another the self-portrait (here reproduced on the right). The exhibits include also a letter to Cross from Mrs. Sidons. [By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.]



THE SOURCE OF THE GREAT FLOOD ON THE INDUS: A PREVIOUS FORMATION OF THE LITTLE KHUMDAN GLACIER, CONSTITUTING A HUGE ICE-DAM, WHICH RECENTLY GAVE WAY AND RELEASED THE FLOOD. It was reported on August 19 that the great Shyok glacier, which held back the waters of a lake nine miles long, 17,000 ft. up in the snow-capped mountains of the Shyok and the Indus, had given way, sending a tremendous flood down the narrow Karakoram range of Kashmir, near the confluence of the Shyok and the Indus, which was then pouring through which the Indus descends to the plains. A false alarm of this long-expected catastrophe was given in August last year, but this time the fact is undoubted. Recent reports stated that the Indus was in high flood, carrying along the waters of a LAKE—AN EVENT OF WHICH THERE WAS A FALSE ALARM LAST YEAR. Warnings were sent to all villages in the danger area. Last year the great Attock bridge (600 miles from the Indus), whose reconstruction was then nearing completion, was over 50 ft. but on the 19th it was stated: "The flood danger is now past, and the Attock bridge has withstood the furious onset of the flood water." Serious inundations, however, were expected in many districts of Sind.



A NEW NATIONAL TREASURE: A SELF-PORTRAIT BY RICHARD CROSSE, THE DEAF AND DUMB MINIATURIST. As noted under his portrait of Mrs. Sidons (on the left), the above self-portrait by Richard Cross is also a new treasure at the Victoria and Albert Museum. This artist, who was deaf and dumb, was born at Cullumpton in 1742, and died there in 1810. He rarely signed his work, but he was one of the best miniature painters of his day. [By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.]



A REPLICATION OF THE SPINNING-JENNY AT WHICH LIVINGSTONE ONCE WORKED: AN EXHIBIT IN THE MEMORIAL MUSEUM AT HIS BIRTHPLACE. The birthplace and early home of David Livingstone, the great explorer—an old Scots tenement at Blantyre, Lanark—has been restored for use as a national memorial to him, taking the form of a museum and exhibition of relics associated with his life. Among them is an exact replica of the spinning-jenny at which he worked as a young man. The grounds are to be a public park. The cost of the memorial was estimated at £12,000.



WORK ON LONDON GAS MAINS—STILL A CAUSE OF ANXIETY: INFLATING AIR-BALLOONS TO PLUG WHITE BODY-BANDS FOR LONDON STREET-CLEANERS: A PROTECTIVE WARNING TO PREVENT THEIR BEING RUN DOWN BY CARS AT NIGHT. This photograph was taken a few days ago during the laying of a new gas main (described as the world's largest) in High Street, Algate. The air-balloons are used to plug the old main while work proceeds on the new one. The London gas mains, which caused such damage in Holborn a few months ago, are still a cause of anxiety. On August 19, for instance, an escape of gas occurred near Ludgate Circus, believed to be due to leakage from a main. A police cordon surrounded the suspected area, and passers-by were forbidden to smoke. The men seen in the above photograph, wearing the new bands, are engaged in flushing streets at Westminster.



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THE CELL OF ST. MUNGO RESTORED AT STOBO CHURCH, AND RECENTLY DEDICATED: A LINK WITH THE PATRON SAINT OF GLASGOW. A dedication service, attended by the magistrates of Glasgow and Peebles, was held on Sunday, August 19, at the parish church of Stobo, to mark the restoration of an ancient Christian cell associated with St. Kentigern, also known as St. Mungo, the patron saint of Glasgow. It is thought that he and St. Columba may have met there. St. Mungo, who was brought from Ireland to Strathclyde by Roderick Hael, the first Christian king of the district, and visited his diocese in 573 A.D.

ROYAL FURNITURE USED IN EGYPT BEFORE THE PYRAMIDS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. GEORGE A. REISNER,



FRAGMENTS OF THE ARMCHAIR OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES: THE LEFT SIDE AS FOUND, WITH THE WOOD ENTIRELY DECAYED, BUT STRIPS OF GOLD CASING IN THEIR TRUE RELATIVE POSITION—A VERTICAL VIEW FROM ABOVE.



THE QUEEN'S GOLD-CASED ARMCHAIR AS RESTORED FROM THE FRAGMENTS FOUND, WITH A BOARD SEAT ON WHICH A LEATHER CUSHION WAS LAID WHEN IN USE: A REMARKABLE PIECE OF RECONSTRUCTION.



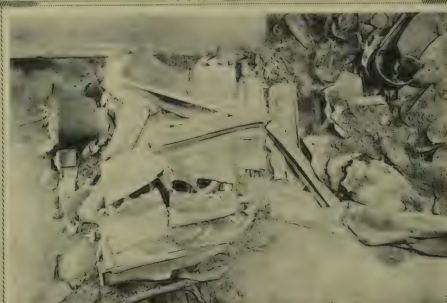
AFTER RESTORATION: A ROYAL HEAD-REST, WITH A TOP OF YELLOW GOLD AND THE STEM AND BASE OF SILVERY ELECTRUM.

These photographs, never reproduced before, have just reached us from Dr. George A. Reisner, leader of the Joint Expedition of Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. They illustrate discoveries at Giza in the secret tomb of Queen Hetep-Heres I., mother of Cheops the pyramid-builder. These discoveries, whose earlier results we have previously illustrated, are considered the most important made in Egypt since that of Tutankhamen's Tomb, and relate to a period over fifteen centuries earlier. The precious examples of ancient royal Egyptian furniture here shown were delivered last month (in their restored form) to the Cairo Museum. It is interesting to recall that, in describing the Queen's carrying-chair (illustrated in our issue of November 24 last), Dr. Reisner wrote: "The chair was made about 5000 years ago, by order of King Cheops, for his mother, who was then the greatest lady in Egypt. The size of the chair indicates that Hetep-Heres was a small, slender woman." The present set of photographs is of special interest as showing the wonderful results of skilful restoration, in comparison with the fragmentary condition of the relics as found buried in the soil. "The wood of the Queen's bed," writes Dr. Reisner in a note sent with the photographs, "was utterly decayed, and the bed was restored, from notes made in the tomb. This bed stood in the palace under the curtained canopy which bore the name of her husband, King Saeferu. The curtains were in an inlaid box. The

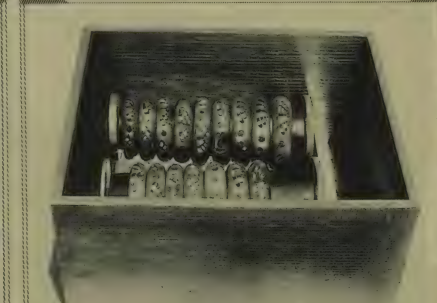
(Continued below)



THE PLAIN, RECTANGULAR BACK OF THE QUEEN'S ARMCHAIR: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ABOVE RECONSTRUCTION.



THE QUEEN'S JEWEL-BOX AS IT WAS FOUND: A COLLAPSED PILE OF GOLD SHEETS BESIDE THE COFFIN, WITH TWO ANKLETS (OR BRACELETS) VISIBLE THROUGH A CRACK, AND (ON TOP) AN ARMPIECE OF A CARRYING-CHAIR.



THE QUEEN'S JEWEL-BOX AFTER SKILFUL RESTORATION: THE INTERIOR WITH INLAID SILVER BRACELETS (OR ANKLETS) ON RODS IN A FRAME (ORIGINALLY THERE WERE TEN TO EACH ROD).

Continued.] Dr. Reisner is in process of restoration and the curtain box will soon be taken in hand." Dr. Reisner goes on to say: "The original notes and drawings of this tomb covered 1562 foolscap pages, and were supported by over a thousand photographs taken during the clearing. All this work was carried out by Mr. D. Dunham, Mr. N. Wheeler, and myself, and we also made a theoretical reconstruction of most of the furniture. Mr. Dunham prepared models of the carrying-chair, the bed, the bed canopy, and the head-rest. The whole material was then turned over to Mr. W. A. Stewart, who is a painter and a master-craftsman at the same time. The finished reconstructions as sent to the Museum are the work of Mr. Stewart. For the first time the main pieces of furniture used in the royal palaces of the Pyramid age are set before our eyes. The simple beauty of the pieces

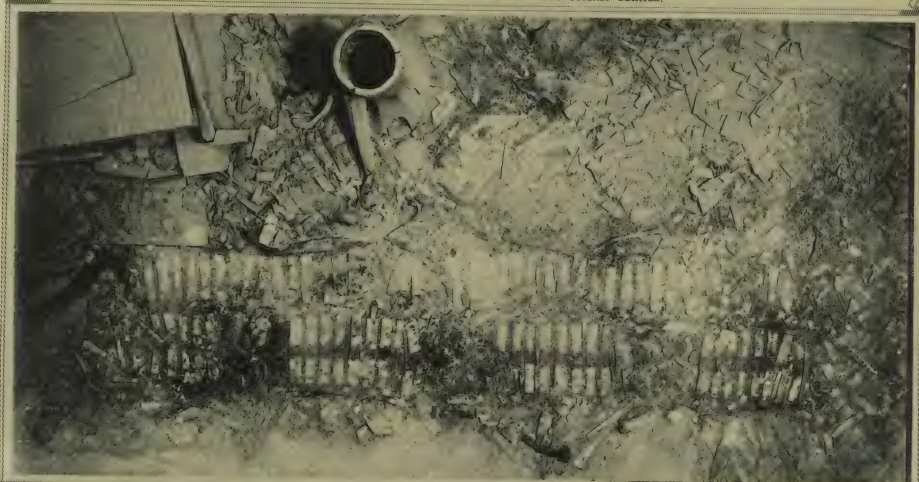
already reconstructed adds to our understanding of the artistic development of that race whose power in handling massive blocks of stone has always been a marvel to the modern world. This furniture was in use by Queen Hetep-Heres before a single pyramid had been built at Giza, and fourteen centuries before any royal tomb had been cut in the rock of the Valley of the Kings at Thebes." Describing the Queen's jewel-box, shown above, Dr. Reisner says: "Originally there were ten bracelets on each rod, but four had been utterly corroded."

WERE BUILT: RECONSTRUCTIONS HERE FIRST ILLUSTRATED.

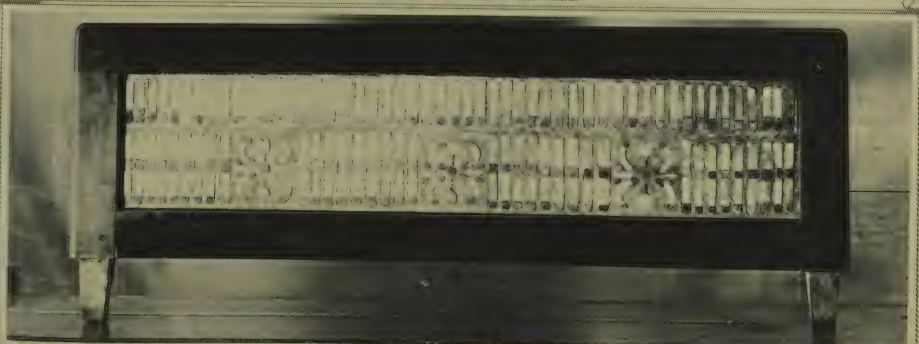
DIRECTOR OF THE BOSTON-HARVARD EXPEDITION IN EGYPT.



A BED USED BY THE MOTHER OF CHEOPS (THE PYRAMID-BUILDER) SOME 5000 YEARS AGO, AND 1500 YEARS BEFORE TUTANKHAMEN: THE GOLD-ENCASED ROYAL BED OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES, WITH ITS ANIMAL-SHAPED LEGS AND INLAID FOOTBOARD (AT THE LEFT END)—A REMARKABLE RECONSTRUCTION WITH THE ORIGINAL GOLD CASINGS ON NEW WOOD, THE ACTUAL WOOD BEING UTTERLY DECAYED.



THE INLAID FOOTBOARD OF THE QUEEN'S BED (SHOWN RESTORED IN THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE) AS IT WAS FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS AT GIZA: THE PATTERN OF THE INLAIS (BLUE AND BLACK FAIENCE PIECES) STILL INTACT ON THE FLOOR, BUT THE ORIGINAL WOOD ON WHICH THEY WERE SET REDUCED TO POWDER IN THE COURSE OF 5000 YEARS.



THE INLAID FOOTBOARD OF THE QUEEN'S BED AS RESTORED: A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF SKILFUL RECONSTRUCTION, WITH THE ORIGINAL PIECES OF BLUE AND BLACK FAIENCE IN THEIR GOLD SETTING FIXED IN THE ORIGINAL PATTERN ON A NEW WOODEN FRAMEWORK (AS SEEN ALSO IN POSITION ON THE BED IN THE ILLUSTRATION AT THE TOP).

"THE WOMAN ON THE MOON": A NEW FILM "AFTER" JULES VERNE AND H. G. WELLS.



In a previous issue (that of April 20 last) we illustrated the making of lunar landscape, with bleached sand for snow, in the studios of the Ufa Company, for the new German film, "The Woman on the Moon," which Herr Fritz Lang, the well-known producer, has for some time been preparing. The production has since reached the stage of acting, and we now illustrate some of the principal scenes. The story is a romance of the future, after the manner of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, and shows the adventures of a party from the Earth, who, a thousand years hence, travel to the Moon in a rocket flying-machine. A descriptive note supplied with the photographs says: "The young engineer Helius and his friend, Windegger, have been endeavouring to solve the problem of navigating world space. Thirty years before, Professor Manfeldt boldly suggested the possibility of reaching the Moon, and expressed his belief that gold would be found in the mountains. This theory was ridiculed at the time, and the Professor, losing his post, fell on evil days. Living in dire poverty, he still clung to his idea, while his young friend Helius inspired the hope of ultimately reaching the Moon by his new Rocket invention. Helius loved the girl student, Friede Velten, but Friede, not aware of

(Continued below.)

WATCHING THE EARTH REcede INTO THE DISTANCE: PROFESSOR MANFELDT (KLAUS POHL) AT THE WINDOW OF THE "ROCKET," ON THE WAY TO THE MOON.



A TENSE MOMENT: (L. TO R., STANDING) FRIEDE VELTEN (GERDA MAURUS), WINDEGGER (GUSTAV VON WANGENHEIM), PROFESSOR MANFELDT (KLAUS POHL), HELIUS (WILLY FRITSCH), WALT TURNER (FRITZ RASP), AND (KNEELING) GUSTAV.



A DISCUSSION ON THE STAKING OF A CLAIM FOR GOLD ON THE MOON: (L. TO R.) FRIEDE VELTEN, WALT TURNER, HELIUS, GUSTAV (THE BLIND BOY STOWAWAY), AND WINDEGGER.



THE MEN IN THE MOON PROVE LESS FRIENDLY THAN THE "MAN IN THE MOON": HELIUS TIED TO A STAKE AND MOCKED BY MOON FOLK.



THE MOON FOLK ALSO HAVE AIRCRAFT, AND USE THE "SKULL AND CROSS-BONES" DEVICE: A LUNAR AERONAUT ON HIS "BLIMP."



PROFESSOR MANFELDT (KLAUS POHL) OPENING A DOOR IN THE INTERIOR OF THE "ROCKET": AN INCIDENT OF THE FLIGHT TO THE MOON.



JUST AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE "ROCKET" FROM THE EARTH ON THE MOON: ONE OF THE CREW, IN A BREATHING HELMET, EMERGES TO TEST THE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.



AN ANXIOUS TIME FOR TERRESTRIAL ADVENTURERS ON THE MOON: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) GUSTAV, WINDEGGER, AND FRIEDE, BESIDE THE "ROCKET" EMBEDDED IN LUNAR SNOW, WAIT AND WATCH FOR THE RETURN OF HELIUS.



A "CLOSE-UP" OF HELIUS TIED TO A STAKE BY THE MOON MEN (AS SHOWN IN ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION): HERE WILLY FRITSCH "REGISTERING" TERROR.

his love, had become engaged to his fellow student, Windegger. In despair, Helius, with his friend the Professor, decides to make the trip. He prepares for the journey in secret, but Friede, guessing his intentions, also prepares, with her lover, to join the "Rocket." A fifth passenger, Walt Turner, representing a Chicago financial syndicate interested in exploiting the gold, and prepared to commit any crime to achieve their plans, is also taken aboard. The "Rocket" starts, and, zooming upwards at incredible speed, is lost to view. . . . After a journey of thirty-six hours, the "Rocket" lands safely on the reverse side of the Moon. . . . The Moon travellers discover that Professor Manfeldt was justified in his theory about the existence of gold, but in realising his life's dream he loses his reason. Turner, shadowing Manfeldt everywhere, sees the Professor's discovery, and, realising the fantastic richness of the new world, makes no

attempt to save the old man when he falls into the gold depths. Turner is now mad with the lust for power, and, returning to the ship, endeavours to get control, even at the risk of sacrificing the remainder of the crew. He intends to load the "Rocket" with precious metal as proof of the success of the voyage. In the meantime, Windegger has put the craft in order for the return journey, and almost loses his life in trying to frustrate the plans of Turner. Before he loses consciousness, he warns Friede of the danger, and the resolves to defend the "Rocket" against Turner. Helius, returning with young Gustav from a vain search for Manfeldt, realises the dangerous situation, and attacks Turner. Gustav restores Windegger, who shoots Turner just as he is trying to murder Helius. Further adventures follow. The scenario of the film has been written by Thea von Harbou, author of "Metropolis" and "The Spy."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**DR. A. S. PEAKE.**

(Born, November 24, 1865; died, August 19.) Famous Biblical scholar. Rylands Professor of Biblical Exegesis, Victoria University, Manchester since 1904. Wrote much on his subject.

**SIR JOHN M. SALMOND.**

Air Chief Marshal Sir John M. Salmond has been appointed to succeed Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Hugh Trenchard as Chief of the Air Staff on January 1, 1930.

**MR. JUSTICE SWIFT.**

Chairman of the Court of Arbitration in connection with the Lancashire cotton trade wages dispute. A Lancashire man. M.P. for St. Helens, 1910-18. Born in 1874.

**BRIGADIER MALISE GRAHAM.**

The famous Army horseman. Died on August 14 as a result of being kicked on the head by a horse while competing at the Dublin Horse Show. Born in 1884, son of Sir R. Graham.

**M. SERGE DIAGHILEFF.**

Brought the Russian Ballet to London and originated its entertainments. Also introduced Chaliapin here. A great patron of the arts. Born, March 19, 1872; died, at the Lido, August 19.



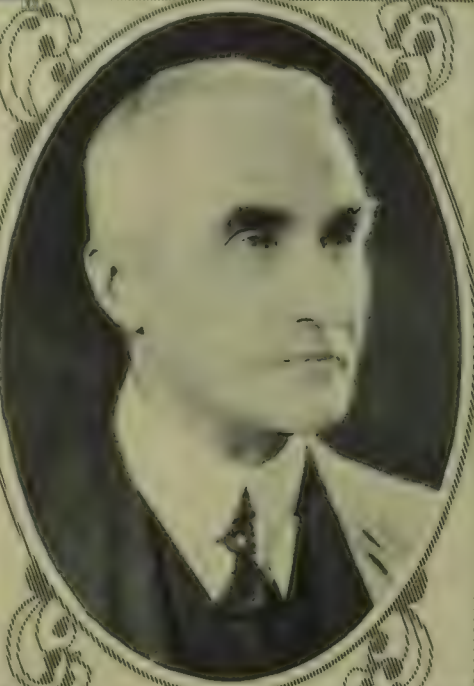
FROM DOVER TO CALAIS AND BACK BY MOTOR SPEED-BOAT IN 79 MINUTES, 24 SECONDS: THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE, WHO HAS BEATEN MR. KAYE DON'S RECORD OF 83 MINUTES.

On August 19, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce crossed from Dover to Calais and back again in a motor-boat in 79 minutes, 24 seconds. The distance travelled is about forty-five miles; and the speed, therefore, was rather over thirty-four miles an hour. Mr. Kaye Don last month made the same journey in 83 minutes. Before that, the record was held by Mrs. Bruce at 107 minutes. Mr. J. R. Turner, who made a similar attempt on the same day, was missing for several hours in a mist after leaving Calais on his return.



THIRTY THOUSAND MILES ROUND THE MOTOR TRACK AT BROOKLANDS AT OVER SIXTY MILES AN HOUR: THE MISSES VIOLET AND EVELYN CORDERY AT THE CONCLUSION OF THEIR LONG DRIVE.

Taking turns at the wheel, Miss Violet Cordery and her eighteen-year-old sister, just succeeded in driving an "Invicta" car thirty thousand miles round the track at Brooklands, at an average speed of over sixty miles an hour. The attempt to make this record was begun on June 18, and the car was driven every day, save on Sundays and on certain other days on which the track was not available. Spells at the wheel were three hours in length.

**GENERAL LORD HORNE OF STIRKE.**

The famous artillery commander whose name is associated with the first use of the "creeping barrage" during the Great War; although he himself gave the credit for its "invention" to Brigadier-General E. W. Alexander, V.C., at the action at Fiers, on September 15, 1916. He succeeded General Monro in command of the First Army. From 1919 to 1925 he was G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command. He was born on February 19, 1861, and died suddenly, while grouse-shooting, on August 14.



THE ASHES OF THE GREAT ACTRESS, DAME ELLEN TERRY, PLACED IN ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN: SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY LOOKING AT THE CASKET IN ITS NICHE.

A silver casket containing the ashes of Dame Ellen Terry was placed in a niche in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, on August 17. The memorial was dedicated by the Rector, the Rev. R. A. Hart-Davies, and the casket was unveiled by Miss Edith Craig, Dame Ellen's daughter. Sir John Martin Harvey read the Lesson.

**SIR EDWIN RAY LANKESTER.**

Died on August 15, at the age of eighty-two. The eminent man of science who had the happy knack of being able to convey his knowledge to the general public. More particularly, a zoologist and biologist. Became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1875. Emeritus Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the University of London; and Fullerton Professor of Physiology and Comparative Anatomy in the Royal Institution of London, 1898-1900. Director of the Natural History Depts., British Museum, 1898-1907.

RE-PATRIATING THE OSPREY IN SCOTLAND.
AMERICAN SPECIMENS TO RESTORE AN EXTINCT BREED.



CAPTAIN KNIGHT WITH ONE OF THE OSPREYS BROUGHT FROM AMERICA FOR BREEDING IN SCOTLAND—TO REPLACE THE SPECIES EXTERMINATED BY COLLECTORS: THE WING-SPREAD.



OSPREYS HOODED FOR SAFE TRAVEL: TWO OF THE BIRDS (PERCHED ON TOP OF A CAR) ON ARRIVAL AT CHARING CROSS WITH CAPTAIN KNIGHT (LEFT) ON THE WAY TO SCOTLAND.



THE OSPREY IN FLIGHT: ONE OF THE BIRDS WHICH CAPTAIN KNIGHT (SEEN BELOW) HAS BROUGHT OVER FROM THE UNITED STATES.

"ITS METHOD IS TO DIVE IN AND CATCH A FISH IN ITS EXTRAORDINARILY SHARP TALONS, NOT IN ITS BEAK AS WITH OTHER FISH-EATING BIRDS": AN OSPREY (ALSO KNOWN IN THE UNITED STATES AS THE FISH HAWK) WITH ITS PREY—A GOOD VIEW OF THE BIRD'S FACE, EYES, AND BEAK, AND THE POWERFUL LEGS.



Captain C. W. R. Knight, the well-known naturalist-photographer, recently returned from America with four ospreys, and took two to Scotland, leaving the others temporarily (it is reported) at his Sevenoaks home, for an attempt at training them like falcons. Captain Knight says: "By kind permission of Mr. Clarence Mackay, the American millionaire who leases Gardiner's Island (off Long Island, New York), and also of Mr. Lion Gardiner, the owner of the island, which is a sanctuary for the osprey, and where I made a film this year, I brought back two pairs of ospreys with the idea of liberating them in two different districts in Scotland, where such birds nested up till about twenty years ago. They were

exterminated by collectors. One pair is to be liberated on the land of Colonel Cameron of Lochiel, who is going to have them preserved. The other pair is going later on to one of the Duke of Sutherland's estates. In the United States this osprey is also known as the Fish Hawk, since it preys entirely on fish. Its method is to hover over the water, dive in, and catch the fish in its extraordinarily sharp talons, not in its beak as with other fish-eating birds. Gardiner's Island is also a pheasant preserve. There are probably 300 pairs of ospreys, but no osprey has ever been known even to look at a young pheasant, so there is no reason why these ospreys should be shot in Scotland."

N.B.—The series, *Birds of the Barrier Reef*, omitted in this number, will be continued in succeeding issues.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALL writers are more or less susceptible to noises and interruptions, but some are more sensitive than others. It is largely a matter of mood, health, and concentration. I have myself, under the stimulus of necessity, produced oceans of copy, at times amid knocks and hammerings that would have driven Carlyle mad, though I cannot exactly claim for my productions the quality of "Sartor Resartus."

In this connection I recall some pertinent remarks of the late Mr. Keble Bell, in one of the last of the many "Motley Notes" which he contributed to the *Sketch* under the pen-name of Keble Howard, or "Chicot." He was controverting an assertion in Sir Anthony Hope's reminiscences as to the simplicity of the author's equipment and his ability to work anywhere. "He knows perfectly well (says 'Chicot') that very few authors can work in the house in which they eat and sleep. Did not George Borrow retire to the summer-house? Did not Sir Hall Caine build himself a study in a wood? Did not the poet Hawker cut himself a niche at the top of a Cornish cliff? . . . Charles Dickens was always rushing about to find the right place in which to write."

It would be easy to multiply similar examples. A classical instance occurs in a book now before me—"CARLYLE TO THREE-SCORE AND TEN" (1853-1865). By David Alec Wilson. Illustrated (Kegan Paul; 18s.). This is the fifth volume of a monumental biography which I should say (though I have not seen the others) all disciples of the Sage of Chelsea will assuredly take to their hearts—and (if they can afford it) to their shelves. The first four volumes were called "Carlyle till Marriage," "Carlyle to 'The French Revolution,'" "Carlyle on Cromwell and Others," and "Carlyle at His Zenith." A sixth and last volume is to be entitled "Carlyle in Old Age." The present one covers the thirteen years when he was writing "Frederick the Great"—a work whereof it is declared: "In eight volumes it remained a fragment . . . but in its bearing upon the World War that fragment is the most significant thing in all English literature between Waterloo and 1914."

Mr. Wilson, whose "hero-worship" is manifest throughout (e.g., in his presentation of Carlyle as the indulgent husband) has done ample justice to a fascinating subject. He has handled an immense mass of material with conspicuous skill, and he has made it easy to read by splitting it up into short chapters, and the chapters into short paragraphs. There is nothing stodgier, in my opinion, than long stretches of solid, unbroken pages, and these technical devices (though in the nature of externals) add greatly to the reader's comfort. The biographer has also had access to new sources, for the Marquess of Northampton supplied and allowed him to use all the letters written by Carlyle or Mrs. Carlyle to his grandfather and to the latter's first and second wives.

There is an interesting description, I may add, of the "sound-proof study" which Carlyle added to his Chelsea house in 1853. "On one side (we read) they had a quiet neighbour; but on the other side there was a dilapidated house rented by a laundryman . . . whose wife and daughters-in-law could hold their own in debate with the Carlyles' maid, 'Irish Fanny,' while screaming parrots reinforced his flock of 'demon fowls.'" Later, we read that the new room, though Carlyle used it for twelve years, proved far from satisfactory, for "while it excluded adjacent noises, it let in from far away the sounds of railway-whistles and bells and so on, that he never heard in the room below." I sympathise with him about the parrots: they are the limit (there is one in the flat below mine); but what would he have done if he had lived in this motoring age of mechanical hoots and squawks and thundering wheels?

There are, of course, two classes of people to whom books appeal—readers and collectors. Nowadays the latter have turned their attention to contemporary works as well as to standard authors and rarities of the past. This new branch of book-collecting seems to me more interesting than the other, for it involves an element of foresight and speculation, combined with a knowledge of the contents of books, not always found in the old type of collector. As an aid to searchers in the literary field of the present, an excellent and useful little volume is "MODERN FIRST EDITIONS: POINTS AND VALUES." By Gilbert H. Fabes. (W. and G. Foyle, Ltd.; 15s.). I can myself bear witness to its merit, as it informs me of the fact, hitherto

unsuspected on my part, that I have a small treasure among my own earlier possessions.

In a prefatory essay the author traces the recent origin and growth of the quest for modern first editions and describes his own work as "an endeavour to put facts in print which will help collectors to buy the right issues at the right prices." The rest of the little book consists of tabular information, arranged alphabetically, about the values of various works by about forty modern authors, including Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Conrad, Galsworthy, Kipling, Bernard Shaw, Stevenson, and H. G. Wells. Mr. Gilbert Fabes is himself the author of the "Autobiography of a Book," and is the manager of Messrs. Foyle's Rare Book department.

To turn now from books to pictures, a form of collecting that is unusual, if not unique—that is, a great painter collecting his own sketches—is discovered in a large and beautifully illustrated volume entitled "THE PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS OF J. B. C. COROT," in the Artist's own Collection, with an Introduction by Victor Rienaecker, and

travels. . . .

By far the larger portion is the series (over 1,500) of landscapes painted in an opaque, dry, and brittle medium, similar to gouache, called *détrempe*. Until this collection came to light, it was unknown that Corot had ever made use of this medium." Why the collection remained so long undiscovered is something of a mystery, but it is suggested that when Corot died, in 1875, it remained in the possession of a doctor with whom he had been living at Coubron, near Paris, and to whom he may have informally bequeathed it. Later, apparently, it was kept secret for fear of a claim by Corot's heirs. This doctor, by the way, built on to his house a special studio for Corot's benefit. Whether it was sound-proof, like Carlyle's study, history does not record. Artists, perhaps, are more indifferent to noise than authors, although I have heard of one who complained that his inspiration was interrupted by the sound of tennis balls in an adjoining garden.

There is a link with Corot in a little book which, as it treats of wine and vineyards, has a good deal to do with France—namely, "VINIANA." By Charles Walter Berry. With an Introduction by H. Warner Allen, and eight illustrations in collotype (Constable; 10s.). One of the illustrations is a drawing of two old French gourmets hobnobbing over their wine, from a lithograph by Daumier, one of Corot's greatest friends. The Corot book just noticed contains a fine portrait of Daumier and a drawing called "Chez Daumier," described as "probably the cottage Corot bought and gave to his friend when he was in utter poverty."

Mr. Berry's genial little volume, which is at once entertaining and instructive, takes the form of three symposia (a word here used in its most literal meaning) at which the host and his guests discuss wines whilst actually drinking them—on three occasions named severally the Claret Dinner, the Burgundy Dinner, and the Champagne Dinner. Mr. H. Warner Allen, in his charmingly modest preface, pays tribute to Mr. Berry as a master of wine

connoisseurship, and also mentions the fact that he is an adventurous airman.

By a natural transition I proceed now to another book suggestive of convivial associations, "IN AND OUT OF THREE NORMANDY INNS." By Anna Bowman Dodd. With a Coloured Frontispiece and eighteen reproductions of crayon drawings by R. Demachy (Putnam; 15s.). This is a new version of a work, originally published some years ago, which attained well-deserved popularity and has long been out of print. It is only fair to the author, perhaps, to explain that the opening words of her title must not be taken in quite the same sense as they bear in those classic lines—

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle.

Mrs. Dodd, in fact, spent much more time outside than inside her three Norman inns, which were located at Villerville, Dives, near Caen, and Mont St. Michel. She gives us a gossip account of Normandy some two decades ago, before it was over-run by tourists. Nor does she confine herself to the three places mentioned, but takes the reader along through various other towns and villages, such as Honfleur and Trouville, Caen, Bayeux, St. Lo, and Coutances. Having been over some of her ground in years gone by (I have seen the Bayeux tapestry and climbed to the top of Coutances Cathedral), I can testify to the charm and authenticity of her picture of old-world Normandy.

From Normandy I now "come over," like William the Conqueror, and mention briefly, in conclusion, a few attractive books on the homeland countryside. One is "THE SALISBURY AVON." By Ernest Walls. With Sketches by R. E. J. Bush (Arrowsmith; 10s. 6d.)—a new volume in the Rivers of England series. Of cognate interest, though from a piscatorial rather than a topographical standpoint, is "BY DANCING STREAMS." By Douglas McCraith. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 10s. 6d.). This book, with its fine photographs, may be bracketed with "ROD AND LINE." Essays by Arthur Ransome. Together with Aksakov on Fishing (Cape; 7s. 6d.). Aksakov, it should be explained, is the Russian "Izaak Walton." Country life of the eighteenth century is described, mainly in the words of contemporaries, in "OLD SUSSEX AND HER DIARISTS." By Arthur J. Rees. (Lane; 6s.); while the old-world spirit of the North Country is recaptured in "THE GYTRASH OF GOATHLAND"; AND OTHER YORKSHIRE LEGENDS. By Michael Temple (Selwyn and Blount; 5s.). All these books will repay perusal. If I have not had room to say much about them, at least "I've got them on the list." C. E. B.



A CONTRAST IN SUNSET PHOTOGRAPHS (GIVEN FOR COMPARISON WITH THOSE SHOWN OPPOSITE):
(LEFT) GOOD CONDITIONS, WITH CLEAR AIR; (RIGHT) BAD CONDITIONS OWING TO MIST.

"The solar disc," writes M. Lucien Rudaux, "can only be photographed close to the horizon (as in the left-hand view) in an atmosphere that is perfectly transparent. Most often, the sun's brightness is much weakened by the absorption of aerial layers (or atmospheric strata) and its colour is so little suited to photography that it seems to dissolve and disappear completely on the negative, in an exaggerated misty effect (as seen in the right-hand photograph)."



A RARE AND CURIOUS DISTORTION OF THE UPPER PART OF THE SOLAR DISC AT SUNSET: A SUBJECT "TOPICALISED" BY RECENT REPORTS OF SUNSPOTS CAUSING MAGNETIC STORMS AND AURORA EFFECTS.

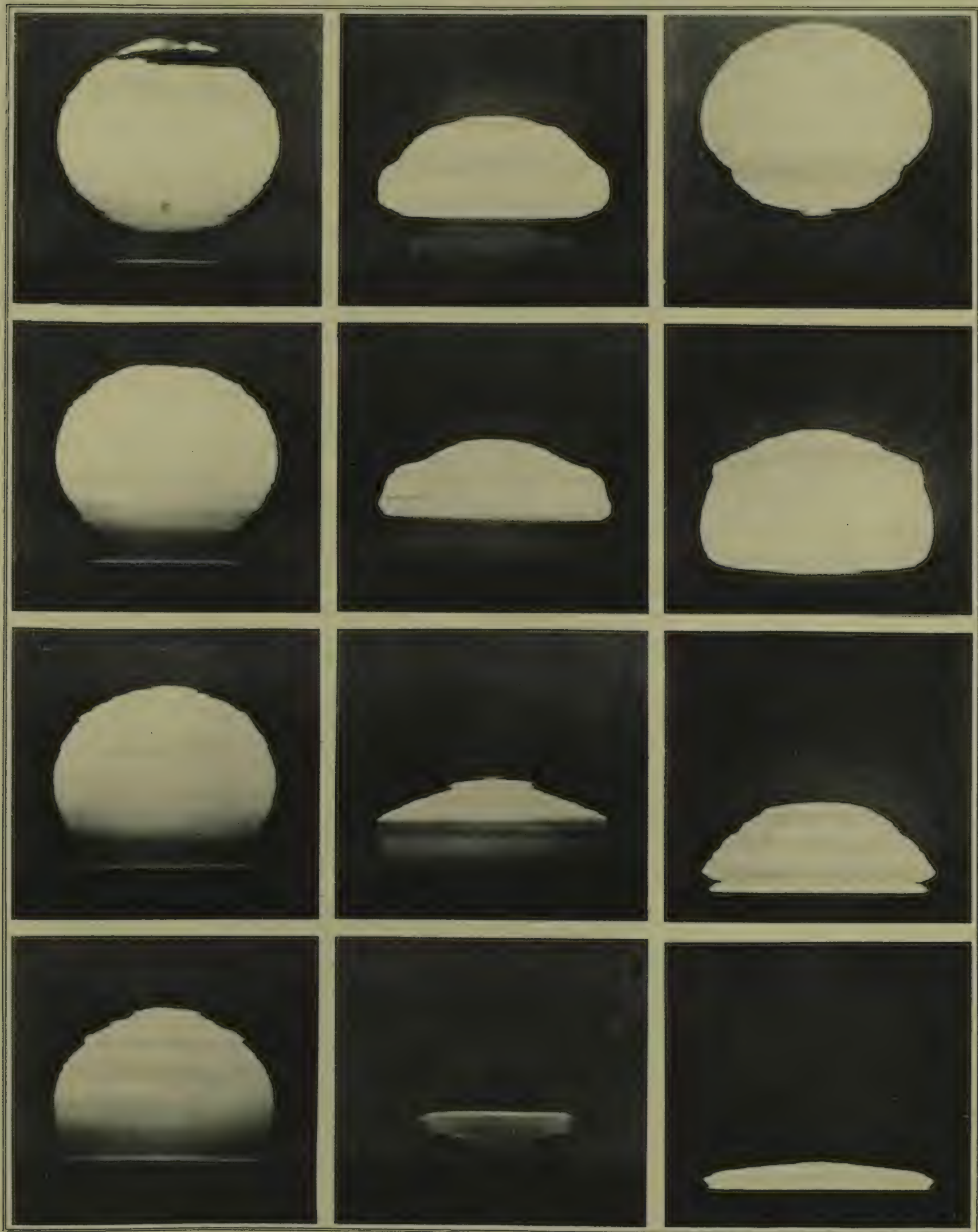
Further photographs of curious sunset effects, with a note on recent reports of a great sunspot, appear on the opposite page. M. Lucien Rudaux writes of the above example: "The irregular and incurving notches (i.e., in the sun's rim) are due to great inequalities and agitation in atmospheric strata."—[Photographs on this page by M. Lucien Rudaux.]

a complete catalogue. (London: Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd.; New York: Minton, Balch, and Co.; 30s.). The catalogue, which is admirably arranged and classified, contains over 2,400 items. Most of them are accompanied by short jottings in French, written by Corot himself on the backs of the drawings. These notes are intimate and amusing, and give interesting glimpses into the artist's mood of the moment. The illustrations consist of eight plates in colour and sixty-eight in monochrome, chiefly examples of the great painter's genius in landscape, with a few studies in portraiture, studies, and caricature.

"The object of this volume," writes M. Rienaecker, "is to place on record, before it is too widely dispersed, the fullest particulars of a collection of works which throws a new and searching light on the artist's character and

SOLAR PHENOMENA NOT DUE TO SUNSPOTS: CURIOUS SUNSET EFFECTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS (ENLARGED BUT NOT RE-TOUCHED) TAKEN BY M. LUCIEN RUDAUX AT THE DONVILLE OBSERVATORY, MANCHE, FRANCE.



SUGGESTIVE OF LAMP-SHADES, CAKES, AND VASES: PECULIAR SUNSET DISTORTIONS OF THE SOLAR DISC.

Solar phenomena have been causing great interest of late. Some three weeks ago the Mount Wilson Observatory, in California, announced the development of a gigantic sunspot of peculiar type, likely to cause, on August 14, a big magnetic storm on the earth, similar to that of October 31, 1903, which deranged Atlantic cables and land telegraphs, affected London electric tramways, and produced a vivid aurora visible from New York. Another notable magnetic storm, on October 14, 1926, confused short-wave wireless signals, and also caused brilliant aurora displays. Such storms, it is said, are fairly frequent, but do not much affect man, though they disturb his instruments. During

the night of August 10-11, an astronomer reported, a vast arch of flame appeared on the sun's rim, some 120,000 miles long and 100,000 miles high. On the night of August 14 a fine aurora was seen from the Norman Lockyer Observatory, at Sidmouth, and it was suggested that this might be a result of the recently observed sunspot. The above photographs, of course, have no connection with these phenomena, but show distortions of the solar disc at sunset, due to atmospheric refraction near the horizon. Other examples appear opposite. Describing those above, M. Rudaux writes: "Each of the three series (from top to bottom) corresponds to successive phases on the same evening."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

AN AUCTION OF THE 1850's: THE BERNAL SALE, AND A ROMANTIC STORY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A READER of this paper has very kindly presented me with a copy of the priced catalogue of the sale of the Bernal collection. The name was vaguely familiar from descriptive labels attached to many objects in the British Museum and at South Kensington, but I confess it was with surprise that I opened the book and saw that the sale lasted thirty-two days, and comprised 4294 lots.

Now that the London auction-rooms are closed for the holidays, it occurs to me that some account of the sale and of this entertaining volume may be of interest.

First as to the book itself. Binding and format immediately roused my prejudices. The thing was the production of the ineffable Henry G. Bohn, the very same Bohn of those dreary literal translations of the classics which have done more to destroy a taste for humane literature among generations of young men than anything previous to the invention of the saxophone. On the back-bone of the book, in gold lettering upon sickly green, is written "Pottery and Porcelain. Bohn." Just that! Not a word about the Bernal Collection! Seeing it on a book-shelf one would pass it by with a shudder. The title-page is rather more informative. It is this: "A Guide to the Knowledge of Pottery, Porcelain and Other Objects of Vertu Comprising an Illustrated Catalogue of the Bernal Collection of Works of Art, with the prices at which they were sold by auction and the names of the present possessors. To which are added an introductory essay on Pottery and Porcelain and an engraved list of marks and monograms by Henry G. Bohn. Numerous wood engravings."

There is a pompous little preface by Henry G. Bohn, in which he condescendingly refers to "Mr. Thomas Woods, the intelligent assistant of Messrs. Christie and Manson." This same Mr. Thomas Woods became a partner in the firm, and is still remembered with something approaching affection by many collectors. There is the famous essay by Henry G. Bohn, delivered at an exhibition at Richmond "held in a very large and lofty schoolroom"; the exhibition consisted of the Henry G. Bohn collection of porcelain, enamels, and glass, together with pictures, carvings, sculpture, Indian antiquities, goldsmiths' work, minerals, geological specimens, insects, stuffed birds—"indeed, whatever was likely to amuse and instruct." Finally, there is a list of monograms and marks, which is quite sound as far as it goes, being mostly taken from Brongniart's "Musée Céramique."

"The Richmond Exhibition," says Henry G. Bohn, "reflected great credit upon the taste, industry, and perseverance of the several gentlemen who collected and gratuitously conducted it." Among them was Henry G. Bohn... but enough of Henry! Let us forget his self-complacency, and congratulate ourselves that he was a jolly good business man who "bought up for a mere trifle the numerous and expensive woodcuts which embellished the Auction Catalogue of the Bernal Collection," and presented them to the world disguised in the volume before me.

It was March 1855. Parliament was discussing acrimoniously the scandals of the Crimean campaign, the Great Exhibition of 1851 was still a wonder and a portent, "Little Dorrit" was about to begin its long run as a monthly serial, "The Newcomes. Memoirs of a most respectable family edited by Arthur

Pendennis, Esq.," was just coming to an end, criminals were still hanged in public, gentlemen were still gentlemen, foreigners were all immoral, and England was the workshop of the world. Europe was poor, and America was not yet interested in works of art. Even so, prices, by the standards of to-day, pull one up with a gasp of surprise. One cannot rely upon an auction catalogue on questions of authenticity, but a note after No. 968—a Virgin and Child by Memling—"one of the most beautiful and perfect works of the

Cleves for £183 15s. A signed Primaticcio was bought by Colnaghi for H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale, one of the sons of Louis Philippe. This cost £162 15s.

Two points are of particular interest. First, if it is possible to judge from the names in the catalogue, it would appear that amateurs were in the habit of bidding in person far more frequently than they are to-day: quite seventy-five per cent. of the lots seem to have been knocked down to private collectors. Secondly, there is a complete lack of knowledge of what is to us elementary information about Chinese porcelain. The various dynasties are not mentioned—in fact, descriptions are delightfully vague—thus: "A plate, beautifully painted with a lady and two children"; "One, with figures hunting"; "A plate, with a lady working, and red borders." In no department of scholarship has research achieved greater results in the intervening years.

The biggest sums, if I am not mistaken, were given for Sèvres. Sir A. de Rothschild pays £900 for a pair of vases and covers, the Marquis of Bath £590 for a similar pair, the Marquess of Hertford £891 10s., £388 10s., £1942 10s., and £1417 10s. for four separate items. There is page after page of armour, of glass, of silver, of snuff-boxes, of watches, of every possible kind of ornament—an incredible and formidable mass which must be to-day the foundation of most of the great collections of the world.

Perhaps I can give no better examples of the quality of this extraordinary auction than these two illustrations. I need scarcely emphasise the great rarity of both these mediæval works of art. Fig. 2 is a twelfth century coffer-shaped Reliquary, enamelled on copper. On the lid are the Three Magi presenting their offerings to The Child seated on His Mother's lap; below are the three on horseback. This fine piece was given by Pope Eugenius IV. to Philip le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, in 1430. Mr. Bernal bought this for £28. It made £66 at the sale.

Fig. 1 is not merely remarkable, but unique. In addition, there is a most romantic story attached to it. As it is in a not very accessible corner of the British Museum and can easily be missed by the casual visitor, I make no apology for reproducing a famous, but by no means generally familiar, object. It is a large crystal engraved with the story of Susanna for Lothair, King of the Franks after the division of the Empire at Charlemagne's death. It was probably made for Lothair II. (855-869 A.D.). The frame is of later date. Early in the tenth century it belonged to the wife of Eilbert, Count of Florennes. The Count, wanting to raise money to buy a particularly fine horse, pledged it with a certain canon of Rheims. Some time later the Count went to Rheims to redeem the jewel, but the canon said he knew nothing about it. The Count went home, collected his retainers, and returned to Rheims. The canon took refuge in the cathedral. The Count and his men promptly guarded the exits, set the place on fire, and smoked out their man, who had the crystal concealed on his person. Later, the Count's conscience troubled him; as well it might (however great his wrongs, sacrilege was a serious matter), and he gave the jewel to his Abbey of Waulsort, near Namur. There it remained until the French Revolution, when the Abbey was destroyed and the monks were dispersed.

Some years later a Belgian dealer found the crystal in the Meuse, sold it for twelve francs to a Mr. Pratt, who in his turn sold it to Mr. Bernal for £10. At the sale it was bought for the British Museum for £267, in opposition to the then Lord Londesborough.



FIG. 1. AN UNIQUE RELIC OF THE NINTH CENTURY WITH A ROMANTIC HISTORY: THE CRYSTAL OF KING LOTHAIR, ENGRAVED WITH THE STORY OF SUSANNA, WHICH ONCE CHANGED HANDS FOR 12 FRANCS AND WAS SECURED FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AT THE BERNAL SALE, FOR £267.

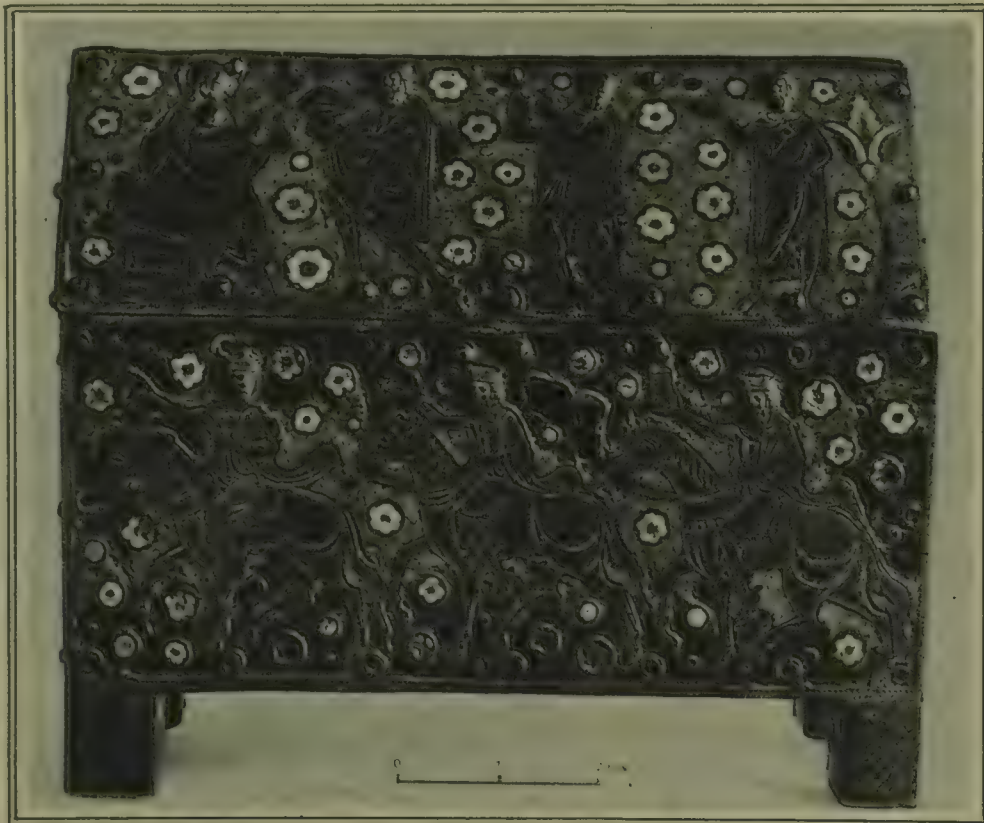


FIG. 2. A RARE MEDIÆVAL WORK BOUGHT AT THE BERNAL SALE, BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM, FOR ONLY £66: A TWELFTH-CENTURY RELIQUARY—ENAMEL ON COPPER—REPRESENTING THE MAGI, PRESENTED BY POPE EUGENIUS IV. TO PHILIP LE BON, DUKE OF BURGUNDY, IN 1430.

Master"—can obviously be taken as the considered opinion of more than one authority. This picture made £95 11s. A Mabuse of The Repose in Egypt was sold for £32 11s., a swagger portrait by Lucas Cranach for £21, a small Holbein on vellum of Anne of



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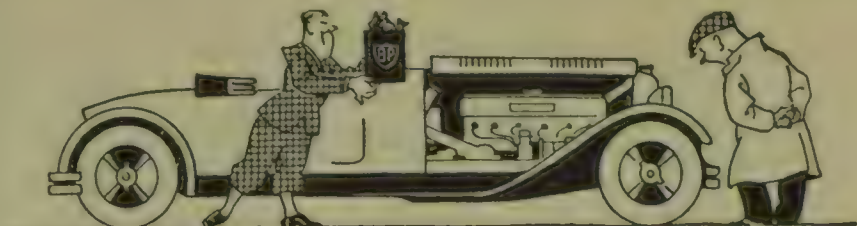
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The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."

The Perfect Hostess and the Perfect Guest.

The woman with the title of "perfect hostess" in a Scottish Lodge deserves greater praise than her sister who entertains week-end parties in the South. It is not always easy to make a success of a gathering in which "guns" are the heavy foundation, for when issuing invitations to a Scottish shooting party, sporting prowess rather than social charm inspires the host.

The strain of conspiring with the cook to contrive really satisfactory picnic lunches, with a different menu

WITH ELBOW CUFFS OF FUR: A BEAUTIFUL COAT WORN BY THE HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET AT THE PHOENIX PARK RACES.

Enormous fur cuffs reaching to the elbows in a point are very fashionable, and are introduced on this smart coat for the early autumn chosen by Mrs. Plunket, who is always perfectly dressed.

for each day, when lunch is required on the hill, has spoiled her first Scottish season for many a young hostess! Men are fond of saying that the lunch interval on the moor is a waste of time, and that a quick sandwich is all that is required; but every woman knows that juicy mutton pies, cheese sandwiches—made with just the right *soupeon* of mustard—apple turnovers, or other slightly "super" picnic dishes, will bring out the smiles of the sportsmen, especially if the wind has blown in the wrong direction, and shooting has been difficult, as it so often is. Picnic lunches on the moors are usually made up of some "all-fingers" courses, interspersed with one or two knife-and-fork items. Cold grouse, for instance, is welcomed, and galantine, brawn, and pie always "go well"; while some of the most distinguished people pride themselves on the appeal which simple and democratic foods have for the sportsman's appetite, and will devour such homely fare as a cold sausage with relish.

The problem of being the ideal guest should not present any difficulties; but it is a remarkable thing that some young girls will embark on a round of Scottish visits without providing themselves with two essential objects—a shooting-stick and a waterproof. When the ladies go out on the hill they sit in the butts and watch the sport. Some butts are provided with little plank benches; but this is not an inevitable rule. It is nervous work waiting for the birds to come over, and men do not like having to



WITH A "CHOKER" NECKLACE OF GLASS: LADY WARRENDER INTRODUCES A STRIKING NECKLACE AT THE NOTTINGHAM RACE MEETING. Lady Warrender had a happy inspiration in wearing this Parisian necklace of large glass beads with her neat tweed coat and skirt, for the contrast it afforded is admirable.

NOTABLE WOMEN IN NOTABLE FROCKS.

stand all the time; but since good manners forbid the Lords of Creation to use their own shooting-sticks when their feminine companions have none—the woman who ventures out on the moor and joins a sportsman in his little shelter, will be a most unwelcome guest if she does not come properly provided.

Beau Brummel's Waistcoats for Modern Women.

Last week I remarked that embroidery and needlework have many devotees, and the fact that the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington becomes more and more active every year, emphasises this. This season, the school opened with a most interesting exhibition of antique work, which may still be visited. Magnificently embroidered coats of Chinese mandarins and Court Ladies of Honour in bygone centuries are being bought as bridge coats by smart modern women. The majority of these are carried



A STRIKING JUMPER AND BRACELET: THE HON. JOAN MARJORIBANKS WEARS A DELIGHTFULLY FUTURIST JUMPER AND A BRACELET OF HER OWN DESIGNING.

The Hon. Joan Marjoribanks, the youngest daughter of Lord Tweedmouth, is famed for her individuality in clothes. She is wearing here a most unusual sleeveless jumper, and has twisted a rope of pearls round her wrist-watch to form a bracelet.

out in heavy satin, embroidered with gold and the deep blue peculiar to the East. There are fine shawls, too, many of them very old, but in perfect condition. Lady Curzon of Kedleston and Lady Angela Forbes each have beautiful ones, obtained from a former exhibition at the Royal School of Art Needlework. Women are also buying Chinese pedigree covers. These are long strips of embroidery whose inches are regulated by the number of the original owner's ancestors, and are acquired by modern folk to be used as wall hangings or as panels set in screens.

One of the most beautiful exhibits at the present show is a religious festival dress, made by two nuns in Italy in 1700. It is a robe of thick satin, richly embroidered in gold and fine silks of all colours. It has a stiff, pointed bodice, bouffant skirt, and two embroidered trains falling from the shoulders. An eighteenth-century patchwork quilt—a piece rarer than any silk embroidered one—is also interesting in view of the fact that it is the third bought by the same purchaser for her modern house. Eighteenth-century England also offers a most decorative accessory to present-day fashions, in the form of the elaborate, floral-sprigged satin waistcoats worn by the Georgian dandies. These are now transformed into bridge coats, and are very effective, while their romantic associations may perhaps bring good fortune to their new owners!

The Card-Table In Its Old-World Guise.

There is something very attractive about the sight of an antique card-table complete with its tapestry-worked top. Examples of tables with their original *petit point* fitted covers are rare, but at the Royal School of Art Needlework Exhibition one may admire a modern reproduction

of an antique tapestry-covered table, copied from the original lent by the late Duchess of Wellington, who took a great interest in fine needlework. Visitors to the Lansdowne House Exhibition of Domestic Art held during the winter, will also remember that there was a fine example of a tapestry-covered card-table in the "Queen Anne Room" arranged by the Duchess of Roxburghe, who is an expert on early eighteenth-century pieces.

The table at the School of Art Needlework has a cover design showing a reticule in the centre, containing two or three playing-cards, while others are strewn about the table, mingled with counters and flowers. The American visitors to the School have all been struck with the charm of this piece, and several copies have been ordered to adorn homes across the Atlantic.

I was interested to hear something about the finance of *petit point* needlework designs when I was at the School the other day. Genuine old pieces are bought, and often sold for as much as £150. Before parting with each piece, however, copies are made, painted in the exact colouring of the original, and are sold to amateurs to be embroidered. As many as ten thousand of these unfinished *petit point* pieces have been purchased during the last two or three years, so English and American houses will

A SILK COAT AND SKIRT FOR THE RACES: MRS. GEORGE DRUMMOND REMAINS COOL ON THE HOTTEST DAY OF THE KEMPTON PARK MEETING.

Mrs. George Drummond defied the heat, and followed the tradition of a coat and skirt for racing, by wearing this smart silk suit, which is as perfectly cut as a tweed with its neat cardigan coat and box-pleated skirt.

[Continued on page 360.]



THE WEARING OF THE SCARF IN IRELAND: THE BARONESS RAVENSDALE AT PHOENIX PARK.

Scarf collars effectively relieve the severity of these trim suits at the races. Lady Ravensdale's scarf springs from one side of her jumper.

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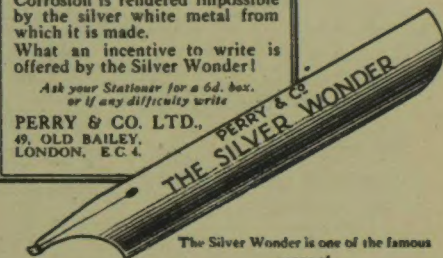
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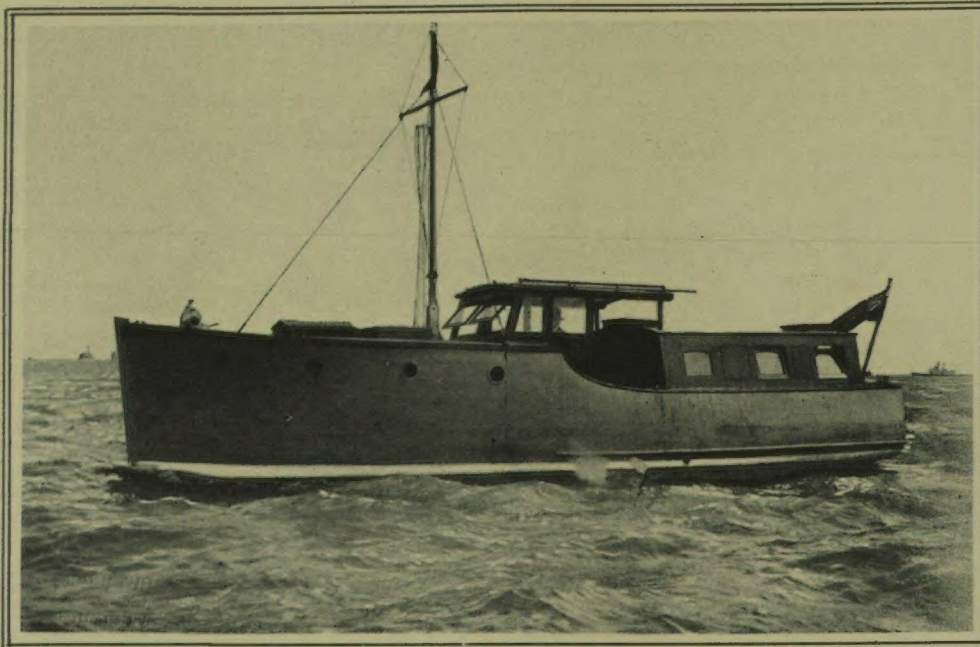
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XLVI.

BY COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

IT is always pleasant to hear of an old-established firm that still has some life in it when many thought otherwise. Messrs. Vosper, of Portsmouth, appear to be an example under their new ownership and bid fair to retain the good reputation they have enjoyed for so many years. This country can ill afford to lose any of its boatbuilding yards, and is sadly in need to-day of more that are controlled by men of vision who can gauge the future requirements of marine caravanners, and supply them at moderate cost. The resurrection of Vosper's, therefore, is an asset. I visited this yard a few days ago, when, like many others, I was in the Solent district, because I was told there had been launched from it the first boat fitted with the six-cylinder marine engine built by Morris Motors, Ltd., of car fame. This engine has been produced in response to a demand for more power than that available from the existing four-cylinder model. I made my visit mainly to try this engine, but was pleasantly surprised to find that two of them had been installed in a 37-foot motor-cruiser, that has many points worthy of mention on its own account. This engine is specially designed for marine work, and, as with the four-cylinder model, its parts are identical with those of the firm's car-engines, with very few exceptions. It runs on petrol only, as I understand that the makers are not satisfied yet with their paraffin vapourisers. The actual engines in question were, I believe, from a small batch built for the purpose of trial only; they ran, however, like clockwork and without vibration or noise. They are compact and have a neat appearance, and, if I were asked to offer any criticism on them, the most I could say would be that they do not appear sufficiently far removed from car models. For example, though all

the pipe connections would be accessible in a car, some of them are not reached so easily in a boat. The instrument-board also is delightfully neat, but I should like to see its terminals on the back covered with a plate that is more easily removed, and that is not kept in place by a number of small screws that would be lost in bad weather. These are small points, but they make a great difference very often at sea.



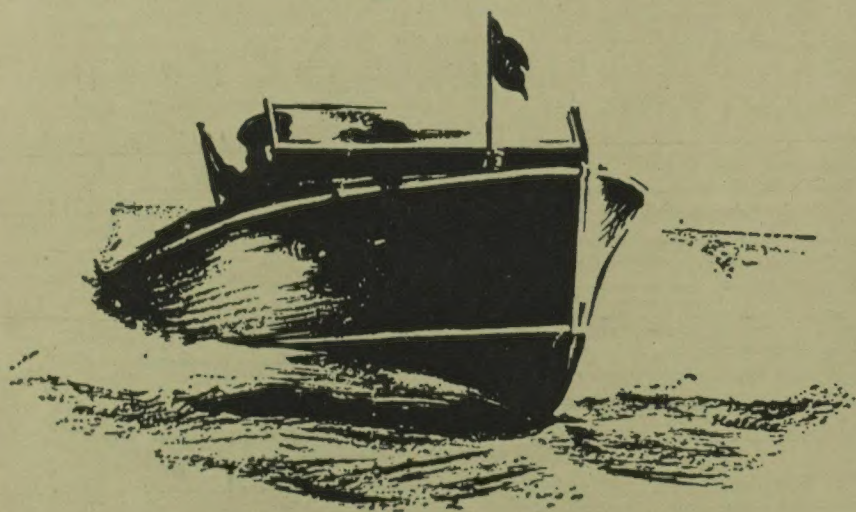
THE FIRST VESSEL FITTED WITH THE NEW SIX-CYLINDER MORRIS MARINE ENGINES: THE 37-FT. MOTOR-CRUISER "VOSMOR," BUILT BY MESSRS. VOSPER AND CO., OF PORTSMOUTH, FOR DEMONSTRATION PURPOSES.

The "Vosmor" has a speed of 12 knots. She sleeps six persons, and is supplied complete in every respect, without any extras.

As is well known, no engine gives off its full rated horse-power when installed in a boat, but I should judge that these develop fully 40-h.p. each, for they drive the boat at 10½ knots, or approximately 12 m.p.h., without any exertion. I must not give them all the credit, however, for this performance, for the Vosper hull, I consider, contributes to it largely. At first sight the hull appears to be rather lightly built,

but on closer examination I found that the frames are more closely spaced than is usual in a vessel of this kind—in fact, the design verges in this respect on coastal motor-boat practice. She is a roomy vessel of 37 ft. long and 9 ft. 3 in. beam, and boasts of 6 ft. head-room everywhere. The accommodation follows that of larger craft in that the engines are not installed beneath the central cockpit, but in a separate engine-room forward of it; this is a feature I favour, as it not only makes the engines more accessible in rough or wet weather, but provides more room in the cockpit, which, when covered in, as is usual, should be used as the "social hall" of the ship.

The *Vosmor*, as this vessel is called, has been built as a demonstration boat. She has a comfortable double-berth cabin forward, which is reached from the cockpit by passing through the engine-room. Right aft is the saloon, which can be converted, if required, into a cabin to sleep four persons. Forward of the saloon is an alley-way with a bathroom and lavatory to starboard and the galley to port. The installation of the bath is very neat in that its foot projects forward under the cockpit deck, and thus permits the use of a larger one than would otherwise be possible, and yet leaves room for a fixed wash-basin. Messrs. Vosper may claim to have devised a better combined bathroom and lavatory than I have ever seen in a boat of 37 ft. long. Even its ventilation is ingenious, for it is effected through the hollow stanchions that support the after end of the deck-house over the cockpit, and the same applies to the galley opposite. It is small refinements such as these that attract buyers, and I wish that more builders would realise it. This boat, it may be added, is supplied complete with crockery, bedding, and so on, sufficient for the accommodation of six persons.



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Mary, Queen of Scots

A Story of Scotch and Spanish

Extract from Page 21.

Opening his eyes, Mr. Glencannon found that he was in his own room aboard the "Inchcliffe Castle," and that he was wearing the green velvet jacket of a Spanish matador. Painfully hoisting himself to a sitting posture, he saw Mary, Queen of Scots, upon the floor, contentedly chewing a bull's ear.

"Bless me, I remember noo!" he chuckled. "Daddy brought it hame to his lass as a souvenir of Spain."

Mary wagged her tail and continued chewing. "Weel," sighed Mr. Glencannon, lurching to his feet, "I wonder if we've coaled yet. Why, I do believe we're at sea!" He peered through the port at a blue expanse of Mediterranean across which trailed a long black smudge from the "Inchcliffe Castle's" funnel. He opened the port and gratefully gulped down the fresh, cool breeze. In the corner of his room were piled the five new cases of the Dew of Kirkintilloch, and, uncorking a bottle, he poured himself a brimming tumblerful.

"Thur's no cure for dog-bite like the hair of the dog that bit ye!" he remarked to Mary, tossing it off and smacking his lips. Then, donning his working clothes, he made his way to the engine room

Scotch—aye, and proud of it! That was Mr. Glencannon, Chief Engineer of the "Inchcliffe Castle," whose business was in great waters, whose soul was in the engine room, and whose heart was given to a dog to tear.

Afloat or ashore, wherever Mr. Glencannon went, Mary—Mary, Queen of Scots—was sure to go.

The story of what befell the pair in Gibraltar when Scot met Scot and Spain trembled at the gathering of the clans, is a joyous affair of human adventure and doggy romance. Read this delightful story in the August number of BRITANNIA & EVE.

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A HISTORIC MONTH, AUGUST 1914.

(Continued from page 328)

If we doubt this we must reduce the recantation of 1914 to a gigantic war ruse, or to the mental aberration of the world. This would be a singular proof of ingratitude and callousness on the part of those peoples who were so much helped by that pretended *ruse de guerre* or mental aberration in a decisive crisis of their history. In August 1914 the conscience of the world was struck by one of those lightning flashes of revelation which illuminate the path of the future. The prophetic spirit breathed for a moment among the masses. They understood that modern civilisation, which has reached such dizzy heights, is no longer threatened by barbarians, but by the enormity of the forces which it is able to let loose. What the world saw, dreaded and hated in the Germany of 1914, in its army, its science, its industry, its organisation and its Emperor, in the oligarchy which served it and made use of it, was that alarming historical novelty, a strength so great that it could neither limit nor control itself, and transformed its soldiers, strategic plans, and engines of destruction so that war became a cataclysm, capable of destroying the most solid of civilisations.

In August 1914, that profound truth revealed itself to the mind of the world, while it was under the impression of the shock caused by the first monstrous clash of arms. The impression came under the somewhat simple form of a dualism, in which Germany was the principle of evil, and its adversaries were the principle of good. So long as the war lasted, that simple dualism served to sustain the courage of the combatants, to maintain the paradoxical inversion of chances by which each victory increased the enemies of Germany. Once the war was ended, the difficulties began. The recantation of 1914, in its excessive simplicity, no longer adapted itself to the realities of peace, that is to say, of life, which began once more in its complex whole. But even if it were too simple, the revelation was a true one. The world saw truly in 1914; it guessed exactly what the future path would be; and if it imagined that the way was shorter, straighter, easier than it is, it was not deceived in the choice of its direction.

But, even if it wished to do so, it could no longer go back. The world could have let German force triumph between 1914 and 1918. Belgium might have given way before the invasion, England might have remained neutral, Italy and Rumania might have marched with the German powers. For two years the United States carried on a diplomatic struggle to defend the liberty of the seas against Germany and England simultaneously. They might have allied themselves with Germany against England if they had considered only their immediate interests.

The world did not wish to let Germany triumph. It had already made its choice in 1914. That choice was an irrevocable act, of which the world must accept the

formidable consequences. By that choice it gave the death-blow to the two principles of authority in Imperial Germany, the monarchical and aristocratic principles by which Europe had been governed for centuries. The dynastic catastrophes of 1918 were the first decisive consequence of the recantation of 1914. Those catastrophes created very grave difficulties in Europe; they imposed very heavy responsibilities on the surviving States. But it would be absurd to believe that the world will escape from those responsibilities, by trying to reconstruct out of those ruins what it has destroyed.

The efforts to imitate Germany without acknowledging it, have been numerous in Europe during the last ten years. They are to be found everywhere: in the Peace Treaty, in diplomacy, in the political reforms. But who can deny that the results are only mediocre? They are like coarse, contradictory, exaggerated and feeble, decadent sculptures compared with the classic marbles of the magnificent epoch; that is what these imitations are. One can detest the Germany of 1914; but one cannot deny that, as a model of a monarchical, aristocratic and war-like State, she was great. After having shed so much blood to destroy that great but dangerous model, Europe will not bow down before small, almost clandestine, imitations.

There are decisive moments in history, when destiny pronounces irrevocable sentences. The month of August 1914 was one of those moments. The world found itself faced with a choice which had to be made; it made its choice; it cannot now escape from the consequences of that choice. It is in the grip of many difficulties; how can we be surprised at this? The massive ruins of a great past must be cleared away and reconstructed according to a model which is, as yet, neither complete nor clear in anyone's imagination. Those who remain faithful to the past which has disappeared are still everywhere numerous, and their affection for it is tenacious. To that faithfulness is opposed the exalted futurism of those who would like to remake the world on a completely new model. Between these two doctrines, which so easily seduce simple minds, it is still more difficult to realise, among the ruins with which we are surrounded, what must be remade and what can still be utilised.

But, in order that we may not unreasonably multiply the difficulties of an arduous task, it is necessary that the mind of the world should not forget, and that it should continue to think that it made an irrevocable choice in August 1914, and that it is bound by it. The clearer this fundamental truth becomes to the minds of those responsible in the directing countries, the less time will be lost in the inevitable hesitations that so many grave and complicated problems awaken in the minds of those who have to solve them. A new world was born in August 1914. It has had a hard, tormented and threatened childhood. We can deduce from this that, if it survives, its virility will be robust and happy. And it is necessary that it should survive.

THE WORLD THROUGH WOMEN'S EYES.—(Contd. from p. 356.)

soon vie with eighteenth-century ones as examples of the industry of their owners!

Old Wedding
Veils for Modern
Trousseaux.

Many Americans are purchasing the exquisite old wedding veils to be found amongst the laces shown at this Exhibition at the Royal School of Art Needlework, and are taking them over the water to found family heirlooms. The veils obtainable date chiefly from the eighteenth century, and include some beautiful pieces. Ever since Princess Mary had part of her trousseau made at the School, so many orders have been given that the trousseau room is a very important section of the work. There everything is as modern as possible in the way of lingerie, and all the garments are hand-made and embroidered. In addition to filmy underwear of crêpe-de-Chine and the fashionable triple-ninon, most attractive ultra-modern garments, such as pyjamas of gaily patterned shantung, may be seen, complete with boudoir wraps to match.

Those who have missed, so far, Mr. Robert Loraine's magnificent piece of acting in Strindberg's "Father," should seize the chance they are now given of sampling it in the revival at the Apollo. Here is a performance worthy in imaginative grip and emotional power of the strong play it adorns. Sometimes Strindberg's obsession, the misogyny that helped to turn his brain, cramped and distorted his art; but in this case the brief he holds for man against woman in marriage, far from injuring, lends poignancy and pity to the tragic story he tells. This drama, in which a wife deliberately sets herself to foster seeds of insanity in the husband she hates and is resolved to cow, marches to its climax with all the inevitability of an "Oedipus Rex" or a "Medea." Mr. Loraine's art is as unfaltering as that of the playwright, and reaches as fine a climax. He has the right foil in Miss Dorothy Dix, who can say more with a gesture than many an actress can in a volume of words, and, if only as providing contrast with its sentimentalities to the grim realism of Strindberg, Sir James Barrie's sugary trifle, "Barbara's Wedding," is worth its place as curtain-raiser.

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